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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

The Silver Question.
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Poetry.

OLD AGE TO CUPID.

Love's dead leaves rustle in the winter wind,
Unchecked the breezes through its branches blow,
No tender green a new spring there will find,—
Boy, bend on me no more your golden bow.

Let the young lover vital deem his flame,
And pale and glow contented, in my stead;
Finding more precious far than gain or fame
That eyes be blue and hair white-filleted.

To him let come the vagrant tender pain
Of watching love grow in a malden heart.
I neither praise nor envy him his gain,—
Boy, sheathe your arrow, sheathe your gilded dart.

For now I have so shaken hands with life
That to its lures I lift but level eyes,
No more for me love's tears and hapless strife,
Its restless fears and blisses of surprise.

Ay, sheathe your shaft, boy! No more will I lie
Wide-eyed at sleep's shut gate because love guiles,
Nor tread the pleasing maze, where pulses beats high,
But heart-break trembles in the train of smiles.

For now the calm sweet quietude of age—
The warmth of windless sunlight and the glow
Of peaceful dusks—comes as just heritage,—
Boy, bend on me no more your golden bow

BESIDE A GRAVE.

Out of the grass that is over thy breast,
Hearing my coming, a bird took her flight;
Where shall she travel for holier rest,
Scattering dew on the robes of the night?
Was she thy soul for a moment returned
Out of God's hand to the temple of rust,
Touching the bosom of clay she has spurned,
Leaving her tears on thy forehead of dust?

Friend of my heart, I was sad all the day,
Hearing thee ask for me, hearing thee sigh;
Now I am coming at the evening to pray
Under the darkening dome of the sky;
Calling by blossom, and crying by bird,
Have I not felt thee in lily and lark?
All of thy tender imperatives heard,
Comfort thee, comfort thee, friend in the dark!

What shall I tell thee? Night changes to morn,
Woodlands are sweet with the call of the dove,
Motherly finches contented in thorn,
Nurse for their husbands a nestful of love.
What is all beauty if thou have no part?
Would that life's rule might be dead for thy sake,
Friend, as I moan from the turf on my heart,
O to be sleeping and know thee awake!
—Norman Gale, in the Windsor Magazine.

THE HOLY GRAIL.

For on a day she sent to sleak with me,
And when she came to speak, behold her eyes
Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,
Beautiful in the light of holiness,
And oh, my brother, Percivale, she said:
"Sweet brother, I have seen the Holy Grail!

"For, waked at dead of night, I heard a sound
As of a silver horn from o'er the hills
Blown, and I thought: It is not Arthur's use
To hunt by moonlight! And the slender sound
As from a distance beyond distance grew
Coming upon me. Oh, never harp nor horn
Nor aught we blow with breath, or touch with hand

"Was like that music as it came; and then
Streamed through my cell a cold and silver beam
And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive,
Till all the white walls of my cell were dyed
With rosy colors leaping on the wall."
—Lord Tennyson.

Our Story Teller.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY RENE ISON.

"Please do forgive me. Whoever would have thought it. To come all across the world in answer to a question put in a paper! It was like this, you see. I knew all about you, and your love for Aunt Ruth; and I thought it was such a pity never to hear anything more of you. So one day I wrote that out, and sent it to the paper. But," she added, gathering courage as she went on, "I never thought you would do anything so foolish as to come without writing first. And now I don't know what to do! Oh! do forgive me! do say you do!"

My disappointment was so bitter, I felt inclined to turn and run away to hide my grief and shame.

"You have done a clever thing," I said, as I felt rage and despair running riot in my heart. "Now, tell me, who did Aunt Ruth marry, and where is she?"

"Marry! She married no one. Oh, poor dear Aunt Ruth! She has gone to A——" walled the girl.

One cry escaped my lips; and I leaned back against the wall for support. A vision of the little churchyard rose up before me. In which snow-covered grave was my Ruth lying at rest, lifeless and cold?

"I am so sorry for you—sorry for my own share in this," she said. "Pray don't look like that! And do not think of going away."

Was there a gleam of laughter in those soft dark eyes as she stepped between the door and me?

"I never meant to do the mischief I have done," she went on; "you will grant that if you had written a letter, it would have been so easy and so nice for me to tell you everything; but you have taken me by surprise. See! This is the old home you know so well, and I am glad to welcome you. Come in. Though I am the wrong Ruth, surely you will like to make acquaintance with her niece? I live here because, since I was a little child, she has always loved to have me with her. Pray don't go away. Come in, and I will tell you all about her life since you left her."

I stood there, neither moving nor speaking; so she turned to Ben, and said: "Oh, sir, do persuade your friend to enter. Indeed I have much to say to him, and when he has recovered from this shock he will be grateful to me."

Ben added his earnest pleadings to hers, and as I looked at them my heart grew soft again, and I found myself being led across the entrance, and into a big, bright room. A huge fire cast a ruddy glow all round, and by the hearth was a figure I knew well—Mrs. Brierly, my Ruth's mother. There she sat, knitting away just as she used to do in the days when I courted Ruth. Her hair was a little whiter, and her form more bowed; but that was all the outward change.

"Grannie," said Ruth, speaking close to the old lady's ear, "I have brought you a visitor out of the days of long ago. You know him better than I do."

The old woman turned round and looked at us with a pleasant smile; but I was evidently changed beyond recognition, for she did not know whether Ben or myself was her visitor.

"It is Mr. Robert Fayson, Aunt Ruth's Robert," said the girl.

The old lady exclaimed, "Bless me!" stretched out her hand in greeting, speaking a few words the while. I am afraid I did not listen. I sat down on a chair by the window, and bent my head down upon my hands, leaving Ben to answer for me. In a few moments my attention was aroused by a voice outside the window. Listlessly I looked up. Young Ruth Brierly stood in the flagged yard, speaking to a buxom country girl who was hastily putting a hood upon her head.

"Run as fast as you can, and say nothing must prevent it—nothing. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Miss," was the response, and the servant maid set forth, while Miss Ruth came in by the back door.

"On hospitable thoughts intent," was my mental comment, and I wondered why she should think anything worth bothering about now.

"Rob, do rouse up, and help me to entertain this good lady," spoke Ben, in an uneasy whisper. "You must know what to say better than I do."

I sighed, and looked up, and finding Mrs. Brierly's eyes fixed on me, I felt, as I used to do in my boyish days, a little bit afraid; so after a second, I began:

"The old places changes but little, ma'am," and she answered after a long meditation over my speech, "Little, indeed."

"She did hear," breathed Ben with relief.

"But she's a bonny lass enough for all that," continued the dame, "and a good one, too. Now I was tall and a fine figure in my time, and my daughter—well, she was something to look at when she was a lass of Ruthie's age. Ah, me! how time flies. I wish she was here, Mr. Fayson. Ruth would be glad to see you again."

I shrank back, wondering how she could speak of her daughter in that cheerful tone. Miss Ruth now re-entered, and moved about the room with light tread. When I found she was preparing the table for the mid-day meal, I rose to depart. But she cried: "No, no! You are my guests for to-day. Not until evening comes will I hear of your departure. Strangers, indeed! No, old friends I count you—you for Aunt Ruth's sake, and your friend because he is yours."

How Ben blushed and smiled as she glanced at him!

"Why, every part of this old house must be familiar to you, and to think of you leaving it and us after an ordinary visit. Grannie, add your voice to mine, and say we can not let our visitors leave."

"Sit down, sit you down, lad, and feel at home. Quiet enough are Ruthie and I to-day. Where is Betty, child?" asked Grannie.

"Gone out. I had to send her; but I can manage alone."

I glanced out of the window at the wintry scene, then round the cosy interior, and I felt loath to leave the place; so sat down again in my chair by the fire, and watched Ben and the bright-faced girl passing to and fro. Dinner was served. Afterwards we sat close round the hearth again. The short afternoon closed in, and in the swift-gathering gloom Ruth Brierly drew near to my side.

"I am going to talk to you now," she said softly. "Grannie has gone to sleep; she always does at dusk. Hush! don't waken her." This was addressed to Ben, who was sivly sliding his chair a little nearer to the object of his admiration. She can not hear what we are saying."

My friend, seeing that his movement had been interpreted, sat instantly still as a statue. I think he hoped I had not noticed the action; for, without doubt, the maiden had made a similar one, but in reverse order; for she drew nearer and nearer to my side, until she laid her hand on my own. Ben was painfully still and depressed. Then something wakened the grandmother, and she sat suddenly erect, exclaiming: "Was that Ruth?"

Ruth drew her hand away somewhat quickly. I felt myself blush. The question was so very inopportune, and Ben laughed savagely and satirically.

"No, grannie, no; of course it was not," exclaimed the girl. I felt amused and puzzled by the question and answer, and the old lady asserted, "Well, it might have been. Ruth does funny things at times." No one answered. Ben laughed again, and Miss Ruth sat up very erect and gazed at him with angry eyes.

"I wish Ruth would come," the old woman continued, and as she seemed to look directly at me, I answered, "She is here, ma'am."

"Sheer madness? Of course it would be, but I've known her cross the moor on a worse afternoon."

"She does not quite catch what you say, Mr. Fayson," said Ruth; "but never mind. Don't try again.'

I soon saw the wisdom of this advice, for the grey head dropped a little, and our hostess slept again. Then once more did Ruth draw her chair close tomine, and I wondered if it were because she liked to be there, or because she was trying to vex Ben. The firelight danced up and down the holly on the walls; the great logs hissed and crackled, and the red glow lighted up the maiden's pretty face.

"You are not sorry to be back in England," she began. "I can see you are not. And do you know, dear Mr. Fayson, I think in time you will forgive me for the part I played in bringing you. You see Aunt Ruth talked of you so much, and though she would never own it, I knew she had a great sorrow in her life. I used to think of that sorrow and of you, and one day I made grannie tell me all about it. Then I seemed to know why no one could persuade my pretty aunt to marry."

"Do not tell me any more, just now," I said; "you have given me enough to think of. So my darling loved me, and she did not."

"I put that notice into the paper," continued Ruth, "for, sometimes, I thought you must be true to her, and you have come. Do you know I think I shall love you so much myself."

There was a sudden movement on Ben's part. Her pretty hands now tightened their hold on mine. A joyous thrill went through my heart, but it was not caused with that touch. I sprang to my feet, the girl still holding to my sleeve. The door behind us, leading into the kitchen, opened. A voice cried, "Mother, what is the matter? Why do you want me in such haste?" And there in the room before me stood my Ruth, oh, how different from this child beside me.

She advanced, wondering, and for a second we all were very still. I could only look at her; I could not speak. My Ruth with the soft brown eyes and nut brown hair; my own sweetheart, with the voice of music and the movements of grace. Softened, saddened, and maybe faded a little to other eyes, but in mine the very loveliest woman who ever trod this earth! So I went to her side, and, taking her hands in mine, held them close to my heart, crying, "I felt your coming. They told me you were dead—or at least I understood so—but I knew the minute you entered the house."

"Oh, Rob! Can it indeed be you?" she cried.

She knew me. No changes of time could hide me from her eyes.

"What brought you back to England? I never hoped to see you again," she went on.

"This child brought me," I said, turning to the young girl with a smile.

Ruth turned her eyes upon that blushing face, then back again to me, asking sharply—

"Ruthie brought you! How?"

"You see it was like this, auntie dear," said the girl. 'Oh, pray do not all look at me at once, or I shall never be able to tell you. I never meant to make all this mischief and fuss; indeed I did not. But when I found Mr. Fayson had come in this fashion, I did not know what to do. You could have knocked me down with a feather when I opened the door and found the two gentlemen I told you of—you know I did tell you about meeting them—standing there, and then one of them said he was Mr .Fayson, and had come in answer to my advertisement——"

"Advertisement!" echoed Ruth, in tones of horror and surprise.

"Yes. I knew quite well how angry you would be; and I was so thankful you had gone to A—— this morning, when I returned and told you my father wanted to see you. Then he," indicating me with an outstretched finger, "thought I meant you were dead. You see, he did not know that my father is curate-in-charge at A——. Well, when I saw that, I suddenly thought I might gain a little time to think and act; so I did not undeceive him. But I made them come in."

"Ruthie, I am surprised at you!" said her aunt.

"Oh, don't, auntie! Whatever is the good of pretending not to care for things when one does care, and so losing all the good of life—growing old, and——"

"You dreadful girl!" cried Ruth with real anger; and she pushed the frill cap she wore back from her flushing face.

"And never letting the poor man who is waiting for you know that you love him, oh, so dearly," the girl persisted.

"Ruth Brierly, if ever you dare——"

"You do love him;" and as my Ruth advanced upon her, the girl suddenly hid her face in her hands and began to cry.

Ben was close to her, and seeing his opportunity, placed a protecting arm round her. "Never mind," he said, soothingly; "you did all for the best, and I think you acted beautifully; they are the most ungrateful people I have ever seen." Then, quite regardless of my Ruth's anger, he took the girl away into the cheerful kitchen, and threre, I suppose comforted her anew.

"You need not be angry, Ruth," I said, "it is true."

"But to shame me so, before—before you had told——"

"I told you twenty years ago, darling," I said.

"Ah, Rob, but hearts change." How beautiful she looked as she spoke.

I answered, "Not mine; has yours changed, Ruth?"

"I think it has, Rob. I do not think I loved you on that day as I love you now."

I drew her close into my arms, and we sat in the firelight. "Ah, Ruth," I said, "how have I lived without you? Love another woman I never could; but I should have lived and died alone had it not been for this." And I took the scrap of paper from my pocket. We read the paragraph in the "Missing Friends" column of the "Weekly Chronicle" together, and I saw a tear or two fall upon it.

"Poor dear little Ruthie! she ought to have reaped the benefit of her cleverness. She deserves you; she is younger and fairer than I am.

"She is reaping it now, if I mistake not. Come here!" I drew her to the door. We looked into the kitchen, and there on the wide hearthrug she stood, with Ben Hadley beside her.

"It can't be too quickly," he was urging; "love does not wait for time. Oh, I loved you from the moment I saw you—and you?"

"They will think it much too soon, Aunt Ruth will, and Mr. Fayson; and yet," lifting up tender, shining eyes to his, "though this seems so quick, I should not like to wait for twenty years as they have done."

"You shall not," cried my Ruth, stepping forward into the light, "if I can help it. And if you really love each other Aunt Ruth will be the first to bid you treasure that love as the best thing life can bring to you!"

When three months had passed Ruth and I were married. We set sail for Australia. I intended to arrange my affairs there before returning to settle down in the English homestead so dear to both of us, where my hardly-won wealth could be well used, and made to prove a blessing to many around. And with us to that land of promise went young Ruthie. She was to be married to Ben Hadley there, that his aged parents might have the joy of being present at their son's wedding. How gladly she was welcomed I have not time to tell; but I must say that Ben was never tired of congratulating himself upon having married an English wife. He told again and again, with great glee, how he had set out on a journey to find Ruth Brierly, and won her for himself.

THE END.

ALEXANDRA OF SAXE-COBURG.

Her Prospective Marriage to Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe.

Should Princess Alexandra of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, whose portrait is given herewith, marry Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe, there will be no one who is likely to be more pleased than the bride's grand-mother, Queen Victoria. For not only is Prince Ernest heir to the vast estates and immense wealth of his father, the present Governor-General of Alsoce-Lorraine, but he is also persona gratissima at the English Court, the Queen having treated him during his residence in England, not as a mere secretary of the German Embassy, to which he was attached, but as a very near and dear relative. This is not surprising when it is borne in mind that his father, Prince Hermann, is the son of Her Majesty's half-sister, Feodore, to whom she was so warmly attached.

When the Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, died, her last words were to commend her other daughter Feodore and the latter's children to Victoria, and as the Queen had after her accession treated her mother with marked coldness and neglect, it is not improbable that she may have been driven by a certain feeling of remorse to be particularly kind to her Hohenlohe relatives. In any case, a match between Prince Ernest and Princess Alexandra would be infinitely more to Queen Victoria's taste than a marriage with the Crown Prince of Italy, for the latter possesses neither the large private fortune nor the health nor yet the comeliness of Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe. Princess Alexandra is not yet seventeen, and is not handsome, but she is a girl of sweet nature and has the fresh joyousness of her age.

ALEXANDRA OF SAXE-COBURG.

A Pessimist.

"This world ain't run right," he sighed.

"Why, you ought to be happy, you've been away enjoying yourself, I understand."

"Yes, I've been away, but I don't see much enjoyment; not in a world where the fish are so shy about bitin' an' the mosquitoes so eternally willin'."—Washington Star.

As the Funny Man Views It.

"Do your jokes seem funny to you when you see them the second time?" she asked.

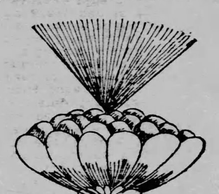
"It depends," said Timmins, "whether they come back to me in manuscript or in print."—Indianapolis Journal.

FORTUNES IN SMALL PATENTS.

Five Little Things That Brought Big Fortunes.

Do you need money? If so, why not give your attention to the invention of small and useful articles which may be patented?

A little investigation will satisfy anybody that a great amount of money has been made in recent years from small, and, in some cases, trivial patents. It is true that the inventor

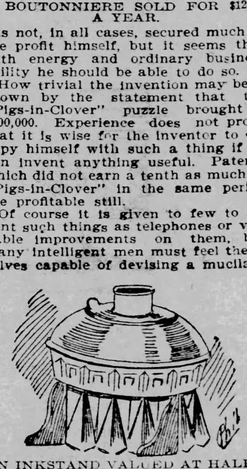


A BOUTONNIERE SOLD FOR $12,000 A YEAR.

has not, in all cases, secured much of the profit himself, but it seems that with energy and ordinary business ability he should be able to do so.

How trivial the invention may be is shown by the statement that the "Pigs-in-Clover" puzzle brought in $100,000. Experience does not prove that it is wise for the inventor to occupy himself with such a thing if he can invent anything useful. Patents which did not earn a tenth as much as "Pigs-in-Clover" in the same period are profitable still.

Of course it is given to few to invent such things as telephones or valuable improvements on them, but many intelligent men must feel themselves capable of devising a mucilage



AN INKSTAND VALUED AT HALF A MILLION.

bottle that will not clog, or something else of that humble order of usefulness.

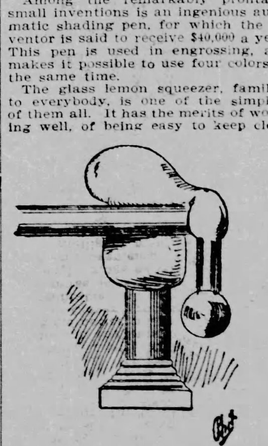
The modern tendency in business is to struggle for monopoly. Capitalists are not contented with being rich. They want all the money which the business in which they are engaged is capable of gathering from the people of the whole country. The man without capital appears to have no chance of getting control of any industry or business. He certainly cannot control the supply of all the beef or all the school books in the land, but there is always one way by which without capital he may obtain a little monopoly of his own. That is by means of an invention and a patent.

An enterprising New York firm, realizing the attraction which the subject of small patents would have for many men, makes it a business of dealing in them. Its circulars show what large sums have already been made by small inventions, and indicate a number of others for which the public is now waiting.

THIS WAS SOLD FOR $50,000.

Among the remarkably profitable small inventions is an ingenious automatic shading pen, for which the inventor is said to receive $40,000 a year. This pen is used in engrossing, and makes it possible to use four colors at the same time.

The glass lemon squeezer, familiar to everybody, is one of the simplest of them all. It has the merits of working well, of being easy to keep clean



THIS INVENTION HAS EARNED A MILLION DOLLARS.

and never getting out of order. The purchaser paid $50,000 for it.

A novelty in an automatic inkstand is another example. This keeps an equal supply of clear ink always ready for the pen. It is said that $200,000 has been realized by this.

An automatic funnel was sold for $57,000; a knitting machine has earned millions; a squirt boutonniere brings royalties of $12,000 a year. Among the inventions which it is promised would realize a fortune are a key-board typewriter which could be sold for $25; a device to deaden the noise made by the typewriter; a way of making kerosene odorless; a cheap envelope which cannot be opened without detection; a time stamp for street letter boxes showing time of deposit of letter.

There is, of course, great field for inventions useful in the household. A shoe polishing machine would confer much happiness and improve the general apearance of the community.

The great bar to the happiness of the average pipe smoker is the difficulty of cleaning the instrument. As yet it cannot be done without much unpleasant labor. A pipe that will not foul will make a fortune.

A practical flying machine is mentioned as an invention wanted. This is hardly a small one, and not in the class of the other things mentioned.

A PEN THAT PAYS $40,000 A YEAR.

At this moment there is a great opportunity for all improvements applicable to bicycles. There is not only a strong demand for them among the riders, but the business of the bicycle makers depends largely on the addition of attractive improvements to their machines. It is suggested that there would be a demand for a bicycle which could be operated by the arms and hands alone.

The business of the firm mentioned above is to do the legal work of procuring patents for inventors and to find purchasers for them and negotiate their sale.

Our New Serial Story.

[Copyright, 1895, by ERNEST GLANVILLE.]

THE GOLDEN ROCK.

—BY—

ERNEST GLANVILLE.

Author of "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE FOSSICKERS," "A FAIR COLONIST," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

A Queer Legacy.

Old Trader Hume was dead.

Not that he was really old when he died, but he had lived a life that had robbed him of his youth at one end and cut off the slow decline at the other. At fifteen he began the career of trader and hunter, before twenty he had been tossed by a buffalo and broken his leg in a fall from his horse, at twenty-five he had been twice down with the fever, at thirty he was known as old Hume, at fifty he had gone home to die; a man worn, sun-dried and scarred with many wounds. Home to the land of his parents, the land of rest and green fields that had figured in his waking dreams, and on his lonely watches beneath the African sky.

Well, at last he had gone home, but it was not the home of his dreams. There were the wonderful green fields, the eloquent ruins, and a multitude beyond expectation for number; but there was something wanting, and the lack of it preyed upon him, hastening his end. These swarming men and women were not of his type. He was alone in the midst of crowds, and he waited for death with the patience of a stricken animal. One friendship he had formed with the son of his father's brother, his only living relative, a boy who had been with him on his last trading trip, and whom he had sent to Oxford to pick up the ways of men, and, perhaps, some of their learning. But he only saw the lad in the long vacation, and then only for two or three days, insisting that the young fellow should camp out in Wales with some of his companions.

Now, Old Trader Hume was dead and buried; and his nephew, Francis Hume, was alone in the old man's room, the room of a hunter filled with trophies of the chase.

The young man was bending forward, on hand supporting his head, while the other, dangling listlessly down, held a sheet of paper. Long he remained so, his eyes absently fixed on the point of a curved rhinoceros horn, then leaned back in the chair, and read the contents of the paper, setting forth the last will of his uncle.

A very short and simple document it was:—

"I, Able Hume, commonly known as Old Hume the Trader, leave to my nephew Frank all my possessions, including £275 in the Standard Bank. There is a map in my pocket-book drawn by myself. That I leave him also, and it is my wish that he will follow the directions therein. I would like him to use my double express, and to treat it tenderly. Good-bye, my lad, shoot straight, and deal straight.

ABEL HUME."

"Dear old chap," murmured Frank, with a sad smile, and again he sank into a long reverie.

He had always thought that his uncle was a wealthy man, and, under that impression, he had lived rather extravagantly at Oxford. His uncle had paid those bills, and he tried to recall if there had been unnoticed at the time by him any word or sign of disapproval, but he could remember only the dry chuckle of the Trader at some unusual entry.

"Poor old boy," he said again; "I wish he had told me what a lonely time he had."

He thought then—how could he help it—of his own prospects which had lost so suddenly all the wide outlook of a happy career.

"I must give up Oxford, of course, and my friends too, before they give me up, but what am I to do?" He looked around at the horns, at the trophy of assegais on the wall, at the lion's skin on the hearth, the yellow eyes glaring, and the red mouth set in an everlasting snarl.

"I am sorry the old man came home. He was happy there in the bush or on the trek. By jove! What a life he must have led during those 35 years of hunting and trading, and what yarns he did spin in the evenings. There was that story of the bull elephant.

He lit his pipe by instinct and was lost in veldt and kloof among the big game until the strange glamour of the chase, from which no man is free, was upon him, and he was soon sitting with his uncle's favorite rifle in his hands, examing its rich round barrels, and the polished stock of almost black walnut, bound about the handgrip with the skin of a puff-adder.

He rose up to replace the gun tenderly in its rack, and then, going to his uncle's desk, took out the pocket-book—a much-worn leather case, bound round with a length of braided buckskin.

Folded up in an inner pocket was a frayed piece of paper. This Hume carefully spread out on an open book, and, with a faint smile about his lips, carefully examined the roughly-drawn outlines of river and mountains. This was not the first time he had seen the sketch. His uncle had on the last visit, with much gravity, taken the paper from its hiding place, and had told the story connected with it—a story which had impressed the young under-graduate, chiefly on account of the moving adventures related, the real heart of the thing taking but an insignificant place in his thoughts.

Yet he vividly remembered how the old hunter, usually so cool, had worked himself into a pitch of excitement, and how, placing his withered finger on one spot, he had, sinking his voice to a whisper, said impressively:

"There, my lad, is your fortune! Your fortune; the fortunes of a hundred men."

His uncle had struck north through the Transvaal, and after crossing the Crocodile, had turned to the East for an unknown land, whence rumors had come of great herds of elephants. Entering a bush country too thick for the wagon to continue, he had gone on afoot with a score of boys for a big vlei, where there was, indeed, a happy hunting ground. There, after bagging some fine tusks, he had heard from an old black of a strange rock to the West, which shone bright in the sun, and had struggled to reach the spot. A week he spent amid the tangle of forest about the river and in the gorges of a wild and lofty chain of mountains; and then one day, in the early morning he had seen shine out from the great plain below a blaze of light which shone for the space of an hour, and then went out. He had seen the Golden Rock, the shining stone of the natives, the eye of the morning, the place of bloodshed, as the old man related, and he marked the spot where he had stood, for he could go no further then. Several days he had spent returning to the huts at the vlei, where he listened much to the old man, hearing more about the rock, and of the glistening ornaments that were made from it whenever a new chief arose. He learned about the tribe who lived at the foot of the mountains and in the great forests, and he planned how he would reach the rock, when news came that his wagon had been burnt by the natives, and the next day he himself was attacked. Escaping to the river, where he had lurked in the reeds, he at last fashioned a hollow tree to his purpose, and floated down the Limpopo, enduring twenty-five days of fearful suffering before he reached the mouth, where he was picked up by a Portuguese trader and landed at Delagoa Bay. In that trip he had lost everything—wagon, oxen, ivory, skins and stores, and before he could plan another expedition to this mysterious rock he felt he had entered the shadows, and the craving for the home of his forefathers would not be denied.

"My lad, that is your fortune. I have seen it, and you must find it. Will you promise?"

"Yes, uncle, I promise," Frank had said, laughing at what he thought a joke.

"That's all right," the old hunter had replied. "When a Hume makes a promise he means to keep it—or die."

Frank now remembered those words and all they implied, and they spoke to him now with greater force than when he had heard them.

Taking an atlas from the shelf he studied the east coast of Africa, and the course of the Limpopo from its mouth. As far as his uncle had drawn his sketch tallied with the map, and so exactly indeed that he must have filled in the original rough draft from the printed map.

Folding up the much creased paper with a sigh, he paced up and down the room, tugging at his moustache, a blank look on his manly face. Suddenly stopping opposite a mirror, and seeing his reection, he broke into a loud laugh.

"Hang it! what a brute I am! But it's too absurd, this legacy of a golden rock which does not exist. Well, at any rate, I can use up the bank balance in making a hunting trip to the spot, and after that——"

He shrugged his shoulders, and went out to see about executing the will.

CHAPTER II.—A MYSTERY.

Frank Hume had some of that tenacity of purpose which had made his uncle a successful hunter and Kaffir trader. He saw plainly enough the Quixotic side of the quest to which his uncle had committed him, but he was not one of those who ask "Is it worth while?" and "Where is the good?" If confronted with any undertaking not obviously practical.

The golden rock had taken no hold of his imagination. It was no bright spot glowing like a beacon in a dark night, out of the dim future, but itself merely a dim and shadowy token representing and explaining the duty he owed to the dead man's whim. He would go to the locality, and then let events shap his career to any rough and ready pattern, even to that of the hard life of a hunter.

Within a week he had settled his affairs, and was ready to take the first outward-bound vessel, limiting his choice to a sailing vessel for time was of no particular object, while money and the saving of it was of first importance. He had even seen the skipper of a four-masted iron clipper with the view of working his passage out, but the skipper had received his overtures with an explosion. "No more swab-fisted gentlemen lubbers for me. They're worse than an old maid and a family of cats, and not so useful. Have a drink?" They had a drink, and the rejected volunteer walked homeward in the evening, stopping on the embankment to look on the dark river which was so soon to carry him down to the salt waters.

As he leaned there with his elbows on the granite coping, he heard the sound of oars, and presently made out the blurred outline of a boat, and a streak of white about its bows where the strong tide opposed its rush to the exertions of the laboring oarsmen. There were two of these, and Frank could see that they were not puling together, while the bow oar was weaker than the stroke. The boat scarcely gained a foot against the tide, but instead moved sideways at every savage pull by stroke.

"Put your weight into it, man," growled stroke.

"I can't. I'm dead beat," gasped the other.

"Look out," shouted Frank, "you'll be into the steps."

Stroke looked sharply to the right, threw out a hand to keep the boat off the granite, then, as she was swept back, caught fast hold of an iron ring, while the bow oarsman sighed audibly and set to rubbing his arms.

"You're a pretty sort of fellow, you are—as soft as butter. What the deuce did you say you could row for?"

"Who can pull against this flood? Look here!"—bow leaned over, thrust his hand into the dark waters which foamed against the obstruction.

"What are we to do now?"

"Wait till the ebb, I suppose; or get a ferryman to row us."

"Ferryman be ——. If we wait for the ebb we'll not get out before daylight."

Frank went round to the opening in the embankment and walked down the steps.

"Can I be of any use?" he said.

"Yes, you can, by taking yourself off," was the surly rejoinder from stroke.

"Nonsense! Don't go, sir. C an you row?"

"I think so."

"I don't want you to think. I thought I could row until I met this infernal tide."

"Well, I can row against tide, or with it."

"Step right in, then!"

"Man, you're mad!" sharply interposed stroke. The two whispered together for a few minutes, then bow suavely spoke:

"My friend would be glad of your help, but he rather doubts your discretion. We are engaged in no nefarious designs, but at the same time we don't want to be talked of."

"I think," said Frank, with a laugh, "you may trust me, especially as you have already given yourself away. There would be nothing to prevent my calling the attention of a policeman to your condition, you know."

"Step in," said stroke, quickly.

Bow crawled aft to take the tiller, and Frank stepped lightly into the boat.

"Take her through the second arch, and then keep over to the Surrey side, when you will take us through the first arch of London bridge, and by the fleet of barges. She lies just beyond."

"They are evidently making for a ship of some sort," was Frank's mental reflection on the reference to "She," but he was next moment bending to his oar, his eyes fixed on the broad back before him, and his soul bent upon holding his own.

For a moment the boat had swept back with the tide, then as the oars dipped in she stood still to their tug, hung a moment, then crept on with slowly-increased speed—under Waterloo Bridge, past the railway bridge, then across to the Surrey side, and, with a hard struggle, down under London Bridge and into the Pool, close in the shadow of a number of barges.

"Do you see her?" asked stroke, with a gasp.

"Pull on," said the cox. "Steady stroke—pull bow—easy."

The boat scraped alongside a low craft, and cox held on to a rope ladder.

"How do you feel?" asked stroke, turning his head.

"Pretty well baked," said Frank, "and you?"

"I'm worked to a cast-iron finish. Give me the painter—thanks. Now, up you go."

Without more ado, Frank climbed up the ladder to a narrow deck, where he stood holding to a light rail. The two men were quickly by his side, one of them securing the boat.

"This way."

They went forward to a deck-house, and descended a companion-way to a small saloon, where one of them struck a match, and lit a suspended lamp.

"Let's have a look at you?" and the man who had pulled stroke, standing himself in the shade, threw the light full on Frank's face, while the second man closed the door and stood with his back to it.

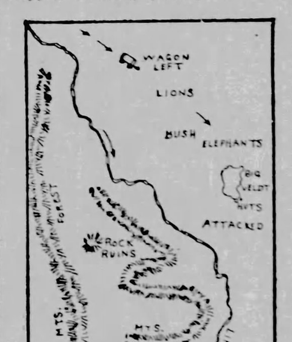
"That will do."

"Pardon me," said Frank, stung by this ungracious treatment; "it is my turn now."

Quickly steadying the lamp he directed the light on the other's face, revealing a pair of fierce black eyes, and a face thickly bearded.

"Stop that, or I'll——" He put his hand to his pocket with a threatening action.

"Leave him alone, captain. Upon my word, he has served you well in your own coin," and the other man stepped forward, placing a hand



At letter S in "Ruins" there stands out at highest point the profile of a face, with the eye socket hollow. Standing in this socket and looking over the ruins below, which are plainly visible, the Golden Rock bears to the N. W., distant about ten miles.

lightly on Frank's shoulder, whereat the latter, finding he was in queer company, stepped back.

"Don't start, sir; there is nothing to fear."

"I think there is," said Frank; "so please keep your distance, or, better still, stand aside, as I should like to get out of this."

"Of course you would, but—and I hate to tell you after what you have done—we can't afford to let you go."

"Afford that's not the word. We won't let you go, mate."

"I'll see about that," shouted Frank, at the same time hurling one man aside, and, seizing the handle of the door, which came off in his furious tug leaving the door still fast closed. Turning, he hurled the brass knob at the black-bearded man, but it missed the mark, and went with a crash through a glass door beyond.

Next moment he was looking into the dark muzzle of a revolver held very straight in the brawny hand of the captain, whose black eyes wore a very ugly look.

"Put that pistol down," rang out in tones of suppressed passion.

The door stood open, and a tall girl in black swept in.

Her dark eyes flashing from a face of unusual pallor, dwelt a moment on the three figures, the one huddled on the floor, the others facing each other.

"What does this mean, Captain Pardoe," she asked, haughtily, "and who is this stranger?"

Frank raised his hat. "For my part in this disturbance I heartily apologize, but I must say, and these gentlemen will bear me out, that my intrusion was not of my seeking."

She inclined her head slightly, then turned to the second man, who had risen up, looking uncomfortable at having been found in a humiliating position.

"Since Captain Pardoe cannot speak, perhaps you will have the goodness to explain, Mr. Commins."

"It is this way, Miss Laura," blurted the captain, "this young fellow knows too much."

"Excuse me," said Frank, "I know nothing except that I helped to row you here, and you wished to detain me."

"Allow me to explain," said Mr. Commins, interposing, with a wave of his hand. "The tide was against us, and I was unequal to the work. This young man kindly offered his help, and we accepted, but thinking it would be inadvisable to let him return we thought it best to detain him, and if he had not been in such a hurry to put us down with a thrust or cut-throats, and to act with unnecessary violence on that supposition, matters could have been amicably settled."

"At the muzzle of a pistol," said Frank, drily.

"I think you might have managed without help," said the young lady, coldly. "It is most vexing, and such a beginning bodes ill for the undertaking."

"You need be under no uneasiness. We can easily detain him."

"I object," said Frank, hotly.

Captain Pardoe raised his weapon.

"Give me that pistol, sir," said the young lady, imperiously, and the captain reluctantly handed it over. "I regret very much that we should place you under restraint sir; but there are interests at stake more important than considerations of mere personal convenience. I'm afraid you must be our guest for a few days."

"We can put him ashore at Maderia, Miss Laura," said the captain.

"At Maderia," said Frank, earnestly gazing at the splendid eyes and superb figure of this masterful young lady.

"We will do our best to entertain you in the meanwhile," she said, with a sudden dazzling smile, "and, perhaps, you will even forgive us for this unmannerly and ungrateful return for your kindness."

As he caught the dazzle of her smile he determined upon his course, especially as the trip to Maderia would advance him on his voyage.

"I am willing," he replied, "to take an enforced passage, provided you allow me to get my baggage."

"That means going ashore?"

"Not necessarily; for upon a note from me to the landlady of my rooms, the things would be given up."

"We have no time to spare, Miss Laura," said Captain Pardoe.

"It is necessary for me to go ashore," she answered, "for a few minutes. Where are your rooms?"

"Off the Temple—in York street."

"I think I will trust you," she said, giving her hand, which Frank warmly clasped, the spell of her beauty being full upon him.

Within an hour they were all back on the ship, and as Big Ben struck out the hours of midnight the vessel slowly crept down the river.

CHAPTER III.—A WILD RUSH.

Frank Hume was shown into a small cabin and the door locked upon him, an indignity that roused him to wrath, so that he banged against the frail panels with his fists.

"Look here," said a deep voice from the alley, "if you don't stow that sharp I'll clap you in irons."

"Leave him to me, captain, and go on the bridge. Now, sir, will you oblige me by keeping silence for a few hours?"

Frank recognized the speaker in the rich tones, and immediately was pacified.

"If you wish it I will; but please unlock the door."

Give me your promise that you won't stir until you are called, and I will."

"I promise."

"Thank you." She turned the key, and then he heard the rustle of the dress as she quickly moved away.

Frank stood looking at the handle for some moments, then sat on the bunk with the feeling strongly rooted that he was in for some dark enterprise, but his mind dwelt less on this than on the stately figure and beautiful face of this strange girl, whose strong character had been so forcibly shown.

Who could she be, and what was she doing there—one woman with several men, and men evidently lawless? Already he longed for the hour when he could see her again, and once more hear her voice, and the remarkable and sudden change in the steady current of his life troubled him not at all.

But presently his natural caution overmastered the swift-born infatuation which had threatened to make a slave of him, and he roused himself to take a survey of the little cabin. This, though small, contained three bunks, was plainly fitted and strongly built. The port-hole, he noticed by the dim light, was protected by an inner sheet of steel. This he unscrewed, and opening, too, the round glass, he framed his face in the brass-rimmed hole. The boat was slipping along down the dark river at medium speed, the regular beat of her engines sounding very distinctly in the still night, and her track stretching in a ghostly gleam, unbroken by any other craft. By craning his neck he noticed that she seemed very low in the water and of unusual length, and he was puzzled to place her in any category of cargo or passenger steamer, finally coming to the conclusion that she was one of those long, swift tug

sparks; they'll give notice of our coming."

"Why not slacken speed until you are close on the guard-ship?"

"That'll give 'em more time to prepare for us, but it's the best thing to do."

Then followed a sharp signal to the engineer, and the speed was still further decreased.

"Mr. Webster, was she damaged at all by that brush?"

"Just a dent, sir; but she's all sound below."

"Douse the lights again. We'll keep close in on the port tack. Keep your eye on the Kent shore and tell the watch to be on the lookout for the guard-ship."

For some time the ship slipped along through the dark waters without another word being spoken.

"There's the signal, sir,' sang out a voice, breaking in on the silence. A rocket mounted afar off.

"Aye, I see it. It's as I feared, Miss. They've alarmed the guard-ship and'll be sending a boat to her. Suppose they catch us, madame, what yarn will you spin?"

"They must not catch us."

"They may open fire, and a single shot would do the work."

"Whether they fire or not, we must get through. Couldn't we open fire, too?"

Captain Pardoe laughed.

"We must depend on our heels, Miss Laura. If it came to knocks the guard-ship would blow us out of the water."

"How annoying," was the truly feminine reply, a reply so inappropriate that even Frank smiled, while Captain Pardoe chuckled audibly.

"Understand, captain," she continued, imperiously, "I will not be captured, nor the ship, not if they have to blow it up."

"Ah, see that?"

A shaft of light shot into the sky, then dropped to the water and swept swiftly from right to left.

"It's the search light. The guard-ship is looking for us. Mr. Webster, step down to the engineer and tell him we'll want every pound of steam he can give us when I signal him. We must get 27 knots out of her."

"Twenty-seven knots," thought Frank. "What ship can this be?" The cabin seemed to grow unbearable as his excitement increased, and if danger was to be encountered his place was by the side of this girl whom fate had thrown in his path.

Again the shaft of light, broadening from its base, shot out into the darkness, and swept the waters to its outermost fringe, where the gleam mingled with the black night, reaching a few lengths ahead, where it outlined a bare pole on the bank.

"Port your helm, put her over to the Kent shore," the captain ordered, with lowered voice.

The vessel came round, and made across to the other bank.

The search light swept around again just as the vessel was near the right bank, and the light shone over the deck, lighting up every detail, before it passed on.

"Astern—full speed astern," roared the captain down the speaking tube; "starboard your helm, bring her up on the old course."

The vessel backed out as the search light flew back to the place she had occupied, and then swiftly made over to the Essex shore, and at another signal from the bridge, darted into the shelter of the night.

Frank could hold himself no longer, but flung open the door, and after groping about in the saloon found the companion-way to the deck. There was a broad, white belt of light on his right, but all around and ahead was darkness, intensified by the brightness so near.

"They'll find us in a minute," spoke the captain, and Frank, turning, saw dimly two figures on a bridge just ahead of two singularly low funnels from which poured dense volumes of smoke.

The shaft of light played about the further shore, swept out slowly to mid stream, then swept back again.

"Stand by, Mr. Engineer," said the captain down the tube.

The guard ship could now be dimly seen behind that glittering eye, a blurr of spars and funnels about a mile up stream.

The light crept over the dark river in a broad track of gleaming silver, came slowly nearer, then, in a blinding flash shone over the vessel, lighting up every man as he stood at his post, and bringing out the girl's face in a startling pallor.

The bell sounded its sharp order, the engines answered quicker and quicker, and the long, narrow ship seemed to leap forward, sending up a shower of water, which sparkled in the light, and came aft like rain. On she rushed, the flames springing from her funnels, the whole frame and body of her vibrating and the water hissing and splashing before her bows and in her wake.

A ball of white smoke, which for a moment dimmed the flaming light, belched from the warship, followed at fully half a minute by the sullen boom.

"That's by way of formal notice," said the captain; by and by she'll send a sharper summons; better go below, Miss Laura."

"I will stay here," she answered quietly.

The small ship was now abreast of the man-of-war, which had changed its course, and was steaming slowly ahead. On the left were the lights of Southend, far ahead the revolving lights of the Nore lightship, and on the port bows was the black hull and red lights of a huge steamer.

"That's a stroke of luck," said the captain. "We'll get on the blind side of that ship and that bulldog daren't show her teeth until we're well clear both of Southend and the steamer.

The man-of-war fired another blank charge, but the long, low vessel darted along, shifting her course until she came under the bows of the big ocean steamer.

The search light, however, soon picked her up beyond, and a minute after there was another report, followed this time by the shrill scream of a shell, than which there are few sounds more threatening. The shot flew high, plunging with a splash far on the port side.

"They can not hit us, Captain Pardoe, and we are rapidly leaving them."

"They are not trying, Miss Laura. That was just by way of being more peremptory. In ten minutes we'll be beyond their light, and then there'll be another spell of safety, unless we are sunk. Hello, here comes another."

There was another sullen roar, and the gunner was determined on a closer call, for the ball touched the water not a hundred yards off, then ricocheted to the Essex shore.

"The next one will have us," growled the captain. "Steamer's lights ahead! Starboard bow!" hailed the look-out.

Eyes were taken off the following man-of-war, and strained into the darkness ahead, out of which presently there stood two lights.

"Shoals near us, Mr. Webster, and thank your stars for a sound berth tonight for that. We'll slip by on the port, and then get away under her hulk. Do you think they see her?"

"No, sir, but the steamer'll make them see her. She must be in a rare state. Ah! there goes her rocket."

High into the black heavens ahead went a ball of fire, which presently curved over and burst in a shower of blue.

"Looks like a navy signal, sir?"

"Very like. If she is, we're caught hard and fast."

"There's an answer from the war ship, sir," said Frank, who had turned his eyes aft.

"I wish I understood the game," growled the captain, banging his fist on the bridge rail. "Oh, she means it this time."

A red tongue of flame leaped out, a great volume of white smoke, the shot keeping low struck the water up, and then there was a loud crash, followed by the whirr of splinters.

Frank saw the dark figure at the wheel suddenly sink to the deck, and, without a moment, he bounded down the narrow deck, seized the handle as the wheel was beginning to revolve, and brought it round.

"She's paying off. What in thunder's up with the wheel?" roared the captain. "Mr. Webster, take two men aft. Starboard your helm."

Frank put his weight in, and with every sinew straining, brought the vessel round, just as, like a runaway horse that takes the bit in its mad jaws, she had threatened to come broadside on.

"What's wrong here?" panted Mr. Webster anxiously, as he reached the wheel.

"Steersman hit," said Frank, shortly; "carry him off, I'll manage this."

Mr. Webster groped for the wounded man, drew him away, and then paused to look up, for they were passing the vessel whose lights they had seen. She was scarcely making any way, and the bulwarks were lined with pale faces, among them those of many women.

"Thank heaven, she's no cruiser; hurrah, boys, hurrah!"

The few hands took up the cheer, and the people on the deck above relieved from some nameless fear, to see the dark ship slipping away, responded with a feeble shout: the captain, from his lofty bridge, sending a call through his hollow hands: "What's the meaning of this foolery?"

"Ask the guard-ship," bellowed Captain Pardoe; "a little target practice. Good-bye."

The little ship plunged into the welcome darkness, still maintaining her terrific speed, and the search-light could not reach her.

Then the lights were lit, the wounded man carried below, and an inspection made of the ship, when it was found that the iron bulwarks had been pierced a little forward of the wheel.

"Send the steersman forward!" shouted the captain.

Frank was relieved, and walked to the bridge.

"What's your name, my man?"

"Hume."

"What's the passenger? I gave orders to have you locked in. Never mind that, sir; you did well, and I'm much obliged to you. You're welcome to the run of the ship. That was a close shave, eh? If it hadn't been for the mercy of that steamer we'd have been five fathoms under. You'd better turn in now."

Frank lingered awhile to see whether the lady would appear, and then went down below, where he saw her leaning, as it were, for support against a saloon pillar, a handkerchief pressed to her forehead.

"It has been a trying night," he said, gently.

"You had no right to leave your cabin," she replied—then swiftly disappeared.

Frank looked down the narrow gangway, heard the bang of her door, and, with his head up, and feeling mightily offended, entered his own cabin.

"She might have been civil at least," he muttered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on The Blade Book Table.

Harper & Brothers, New York city, issue a most valuable volume entitled The American Congress, which is further described upon the title page as a history of national legislation and political events from 1774 to 1895. The author, Joseph West Moore, has endeavored to give in a concise form a clear, interesting and reliable account of the legislative and political affairs of the American people from the colonial days down to the present. Great historic measures are described, and word pictures of the leading statesmen are given. The movement for independence, the doings of the revolution, the making of the constitution, and the establishment of the constitutional government, with all of the important legislative proceedings from the first Congress down to the close of the Fifty-third, are described.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York city, issue Golf in America, by James P. Lee. This is a practical manual for the use of those interested in this new out-of-doors game, which is attracting more interest daily. The little volume first gives the origin of the game and its history down to the present, showing also its recent growth in America. The little volume is well illustrated.

In the Unknown Library, published by the Cassell Publishing company, of New York, appears The Beautiful Soul, by Florence Marryat, the author of Parson James, Fighting the Air, and numerous other bright stories. The present one is well told, and furnishes a pleasant hour's entertainment for the reader.

The Wish is a novel by the German writer, Hermann Sudermann, which was translated by Lily Henkel and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York city. This is a most dramatically told story of the growth of a thought in a beautiful young girl's mind, which thought ended with a wish, the consciousness of which drove her to the extremity of misery. A charming biographical introduction is written by Elizabeth Lee. The volume is well worth reading.

Among the novels which have recently appeared in special pamphlet form for summer reading are The Scallywag, by Grant Allen, author of the Woman Who Did; Eve's Ransom, by George Gissing; Fidelis, by Ada Cambridge, author of the Three Miss Kings; A Little Minx. The Scallywag is issued by the Cassel Publishing Co., Union Square, New York City, and the two latter novels are from the publishing house of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The design of The Globe Treasury, a work published in convenient pamphlet form, by G. W. Dillingham, of New York, is to furnish in one volume a handbook of general information, in which a compressed yet sufficiently comprehensive account is given of all those subjects, a knowledge of which could otherwise only be acquired by years of study or after a large and varied course of reading. The volume merits high praise.

lived from 1800 to 1812. These memoirs have been revised by the countess grandson, translated by H. A. Patchett-Martin and published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City. It is a most interesting dramatic record of a dramatic life, and gives another view of the life and times of Napoleon. The style is vivid and picturesque, and the reader will be held as by a romance.

An Aid-de-Camp of Napoleon is the title of another of the books of the stirring times of one of the greatest of Frenchmen—that one who held for years the attention of the world. It is the memoirs of General Count De Segur, of the French Academy, who

A Little Sister of the Wilderness, by Lilian Bell, is issued by Stone & Kimball, Chicago. This is the second venture of this young author whose first book, The Love Affairs of an Old Maid, attracted so much attention and at once gave her a standing in the literary world. The present story is located in the West Tennessee bottom lands, and the characters are drawn from the class of people whose language has not been polished by education.

Two paper covered novels published by G. W. Dillingham, New York City, are as follows: Kate of Gotham, by Barbara Black, and What Do You Think? by Olive Harper. The latter belongs to Dillingham's American Author series' library, and the former to his Metropolitan library.

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Congressional Townships.

W. P., Columbus, Ind., asks: "Will you please tell something about Congressional townships? I understand how the sections are numbered but not the townships nor where the base lines are."

The surveys of the United States lands are made on a system planned to divide the land into squares of uniform size, so that any quarter section may have a distinct designation and be readily found. Each survey is based upon a meridian line, run due north and south by astronomical measurements; and upon a "standard parallel," or base line, running east and west, and laid down with the same accuracy. Lines parallel to each of these are run every six miles, north and south and east and west. Thus the surface is divided into squares 6 miles on each side, containing 36 square miles or "sections." Each of these squares is a township. Each line of townships east and west is numbered from the base line, either north or south, as the case may be. Each line of townships north and south is called a "range," and is numbered east or west from the meridian. The north and south lines of each township are called "range lines;" the east and west lines are called "township lines." The first principal meridian is the boundary line between Ohio and Indiana; the second runs through Indiana, the third through Illinois, the fourth from the mouth of the Illinois river, the fifth from the mouth of the Arkansas river, and so on.

Continental Currency.

W. S. M., Davidson, Ore., writes: "According to the American Popular Dictionar, in 1791 we owed $75,463,476.52. Was it bonds or paper money? If the latter, what kind?"

We do not know where the book you mention got its figures. The Continental Congress, on May 10, 1775, passed a resolution to issue $300,000 in "bills of credit," for the redemption of which the faith of the colonies was pledged. Each colony was apportioned its share, which it was to furnish the money to redeem. This was the famous "Continental money." Legal tender acts of the several kind were passed by Congress and by the colonies separately. Nine millions of this stuff, which was analogous to the greenbacks, was issued before it began to depreciate. In March, 1777, a dollar in coin was worth $10 in paper; in February, 1780, $10. By the end of that year this paper had fallen so that $100 of it was worth only $1 in coin; by May, 1781, it had sunk to $500 to $1, and then ceased to circulate. Within two months all the legal tender laws were repealed by all the states. The total amount of Continental money issued was $241,552,780. It was receivable for all debts, public and private, without exception, and had a stringent legal tender law behind it; but it depreciated, as shown above, and not a dollar of it was ever redeemed. There is the lesson of history on one of the Populist fads.

Greatest Corn Yield.

J. A. C., Stanley, Iowa, has our thanks for the following: "In answer to inquiry as to the largest yield of corn per acre in the United States, the March number, 1890, of the American Agriculturist, gives a detailed statement how Zachariah Jordan Drake, Marlborough county, South Carolina, succeeded in raising 217 bushels chemical dried shelled corn, 56 pounds to the bushel, from one acre of ground, thereby securing the prizes offered by the American Agriculturist and the state of South Carolina. The Agriculturist vouches for the correctness of this."

W. G. G., Laporte City, Iowa, has our thanks for the following: "Please correct A. L. H., Paseo, O., as he says 156 bushels, kiln-dried, the largest yield ever raised in the United States. Z. J. Drake, Marlborough county, South Carolina, raised 265 green weight, 230 crib-dried and 217 kiln-dried, and A. Rose, Yates county, New York, 213 green weight, 191 crib-cured and 174 kiln-cured, and G. Gartner, Pawnee county, Neb., 171 green weight, 151 crib-cured and 137 kiln-cured, these were the three largest and got the money, but of the 45 contestants in American Agriculturist, lots of them were over 100 bushels on measured acre."

Christian Churches.

W. G., Fontana, Kan., writes: "When Dr. Talmage preaches the Gospel and a person obeys it, it makes that person a Presbyterian; a Baptist preacher is obeyed, and it makes the obedient one a Baptist; but when the Apostles preached the Gospel and were obeyed, the obedient were named or called Christians. What causes the different names at this day and age?"

When either the Presbyterian, or the Baptist or any other evangelical minister preaches and converts a hearer, the latter becomes a Christian first, most assuredly. The main difference between Baptists and Presbyterians are in the belief of the Baptists that immersion is the only valid rite of baptism. In point of fact, the difference between sects is not on points of Christian doctrine, but chiefly on forms of church government, and such other non-essentials. The Lutherans got their name because they followed the preaching of the Reformation by Martin Luther. We do not think it very material what denomination a man belongs to; but it is of the utmost importance that he shall be truly a Christian. If we have not understood your question, state it differently. Did you intend to ask how different churches originated?

Who Can Tell?

H. A. A., Williamsburg, Iowa, asks: "What will keep green scum from collecting on water tanks that are kept full of water during the hot summer months? Tanks hold from 50 to 100 barrels, and are covered partly with green scum all summer."

We do not believe it possible to destroy this vegetation and still keep the water fit for the use of animals or man. However, we print the question, and solicit answers from our readers.

The Andersonville Spring.

C. A. E., Dodgeville, O., writes: "Is the story that at the prison pen at Andersonville, Ga., a spring of pure water burst forth from the ground, and sullied the prisoners with a abundance of pure water as long as they were confined there?"

Yes, and it is still flowing.

The Age of Christ.

L. J. W., Lucerne, Kan., writes: "I noticed in the Question Bureau several weeks ago a question in regard to Christ's age. Your answer was that it was not known. Luke iii, 23, says: 'And Jesus himself began to be about 30 years of age.'

"You read both the question and our answer carelessly. The question was as to Christ's EXACT age, and our reply was that his EXACT age is not known. To say a man is 'about 30 years' is not fixing his exact age.

A New York Estate.

H. H. M., Hemlock Grove, O., writes: "I saw in your paper about a big fortune in New York. Please tell me who were the parties that leased the land from the government at first?"

We do not know. You should have stated the date of the paper, and the heading of the article, with the page on which it appeared. We might then be able to help you.

The Release of Barabbas.

S. H. S., Smithport, Mich., writes: "We are told in St. Mark's gospel that it was a custom of the Roman governor to release unto the Jews at their passover, a prisoner, whomsoever they desired. Will you give me the origin of that custom?"

We fear its origin is lost. At least we can not find anything authentic on the subject. Does any Blade reader know?

Miscellaneous.

A. M., Wyndmore, N. D.: It needs a surgical operation. Consult a good doctor.

J. C. M., Kensington, Ga.: The Tribune Almanac for 1895 has the national platforms.

Mrs. R., Air Line Junction, O.: The lake referred to is not named, and we have forgotten the explorer's name.

N. J. D., Chilekasha, I. T.: Your question was handed to the editor of the Farmstead. Watch that department for answer.

"Harper," Caupeville, Wash., wants to know when the order of the Eastern Star originated, and who was its founder. Who can tell us?

J. M. O., Pierce City, Mo.: It is utterly impossible to make a list of men worth a million or more. Think of it; can you give a list of 10 men in your county who are worth $1,000, or $5,000, or $10,000?

G. F. H., Rome, Mich.: Soft coal, delivered, is selling in Toledo at $3.50 per ton for Jackson, $3.25 for Hocking, and $3.75 for Massillon. That is at retail. Cargo coal (wholesale) prices are: Hocking $2.10, Jackson $2.20, Massillon $2.85.

"Leo," Mancelona, Mich.: We had a long article on holidays in the Bureau a few months ago, in which it was shown that we have no national holidays, made so by act of Congress.

O. M., Ewing, Ind.: We can not give in this column the address of any stamp or coin dealer, because it would be free advertising. If those dealers wish to reach our readers, they must advertise, and pay for it. See rules above.

H. L. H., Pulaski, Ky.: It is estimated that between $800,000,000 and $1,200,000,000 are spent for liquors of all kinds in the United States every year. No estimate for the world has ever been made. It would be a mere guess at best.

THE FLAG HIGH IN AIR.

THE STARS AND STRIPES HELD ALOFT BY KITES.

Curious Experiments by a Chicago Man—Some Important Discoveries Made by His Tailless Kites.

"It was only a little by-play to my main idea. I am harnessing the winds."

So said Gilbert T. Woglom to the Chicago Inter Ocean Reporter, as he fondled his dainty silk kites in his room high up in the tower of the Judson Memorial yesterday afternoon. He was explaining how he had floated that eight-foot American flag 650 feet over Washington Square, when the thousands had gathered to celebrate the arch dedication—floated it out stiff and jubilant, as it had been painted on the blue vault of the heavens.

"I did it because I wanted to show that the Judson Memorial was paying its respects in patriotic manner to the Washington arch, and to all of the display of dedication. Oh, yes, I had the flag up on the Tuesday before in the rain. The first time I tried it was on Christmas day. No, I hardly think the feat, if it may be called so, has ever been accomplished before."

Mr. Wolgom is a jeweler at No. 38 John street. He says that the remarkable experiments he is making with his kites are simply for his own amusement; but he admits that the eyes of a great many men of science are following him closely, and that many of his experiments are in the line of those in which Prof. Eddy, of Bergen Point, is so deeply interested. In other words, he is seeking new devices for studying the upper strata of the atmosphere.

Prof. Eddy was with Mr. Wolgom in the Judson Memorial tower when he sent up his kites. There were six of them, but two were so far out of the vision of the wondering spectators below that only four were noted. The flag, although it looked as much as half a mile above the top of the arch, was lower than any of the kites.

"I have forty kits in all," Mr. Wolgom went on, "and it would not be so very difficult for me to send them all up and suspend a man below them almost as high as that flag was."

He took down the flag that had been eyed with such interest the day before. It was attached to a staff which extended a foot above and below the flag. The staff was a light stick, split and wedged out in the middle to make it lighter. The experimenter unfurled it, and stood with it beside one of his largest kites, as he explained his contrivances more in detail. He is a studious looking man of medium height, and wears a blonde beard, cut square. The restless eyes that look through spectacles have a thoughtful yet searching glance.

"When you understand that it is the lifting power of my flock of kites that is most to be considered in this little contrivance," he said, "you can easily see how I kept the flag up there, looking as it did with its invisible strings as if it were a part of the firmament. I sent up Grace, Lady Harriet, Dainty, Bullet, Dick and Rockwell—for I have names for all of my forty kites, which differ from each other in minor details that become most important considerations in my calculations. I tried two other kites before I finally sent Grace upon her flight, but I found both too unsteady for my purpose. I figured that it would take a lifting power of about thirteen pounds to keep the flag where I wanted it; and, to show you how accurately one can bring these supposed erratic flyers to a science, I found, when I had six aloft, that they pulled just eighteen pounds. Then I fastened the flag on the string and sent it up, and they pulled just 21 pounds.

"What was the contrivance? Well, my first flag, Grace, I send up for a distance of 650 feet. Then I let out Lady Harriet on what I call a whip line, which I fastened to the main line. With Lady Harriet out from seventy-five to a hundred feet, I sent up the third kite, dainty, on a whip like line. All of the whip lines, giving their kites a radius of from seventy-five to a hundred feet, so that they could not foul one another, were fastened in like manner to the main line, which had to be made of stouter and stouter cord as the pulling power of the kites increased. Bullet, Dick and Rockwell were sent up on similar whip lines till they were all in the sky. Then I sent up the flag on another whip line. Calculating the angle that this whip line would vary from the plane of the main line, I fastened the top of the staff to the whip line; to the bottom of the staff I fastened a bridle line, and let the end of this bridle line run back to the main line. Thus, you see, I had the flagstaff always perpendicular, making a right-angled triangle with the bridle for its base and the whip-line for the hypotenuse.

"How high did my kite go? Well, Grace, the red-flyer was up half a mile. It stood far out of the field of the others and thus escaped general observation. The flag was about 650 feet above the heads of the crowds. Lady Harriet was the white kite, and the dainty blue one was Dainty. Lady Harriet is a forty-six inch kite, Dainty a fifty-inch one, and Bullet a fifty-six-inch flyer.'

Although much averse to discussing the scientific experiments that he is so busy with, Mr. Woglom was full of enthusiasm over the extremely interesting problems that his kite experiments are evolving. He has a strange sort of an eyrie at the top of Judson Memorial tower. It is furnished with his own inventions. He found, when he began his experiments, that kite flying on a scientific basis could not be carried on like the ordinary kite flying of the youngsters from the housetops. He has machinery there for letting out and reeling in his cord, spring scales for measuring every little deviation of the pulling power of his kites, and he keeps a voluminous set of books in which even the most minute detail is faithfully recorded.

"I have effectually demonstrated many facts since I began my experiments," said he, "that are new to science. It was thought that the rarified air in the upper strata was swept by lighter winds than that near the earth. It is exactly the reverse. It is always easier to keep a kite up 200 or more feet than to get up to that point. Indeed, I fly the leaders to their great height by the aid of the kites that I send up on the whip lines. And you would be surprised to see the wonderful optical effects that are brought about by the strata of air as the kites pass through them on their upward flight. I find that a black kite can be seen farthest and with the most ease through the different strata, while a blue kite turns to white after it has reached certain altitudes.

"The cord that the experimenter uses with his leaders withstands a breaking strain of twenty-one pounds.

"But I never allow myself to use more than one-third of that strain," he explained, "for I have found that I need all of the other two thirds to make allowance for the varying gusts and erratic currents through which the kites have to make their way. Altogether I had out on Saturday 3,050 feet of twine. I had all of my six kites in before sunset, when the wind usually dies down and becomes treacherous; and I was downstairs eating my dinner before 7 o'clock."

All of Mr. Woglom's forty kites are constructed upon unerring rules. They are all of sizes and devices, according to the strata of the atmosphere into which they are designed to fly.

"Indeed, he said, "some of my kites could not live in a stratum where others would sail with the greatest of tranquility. And they made their ascent in a manner almost as varying. Bullet finds its element rapidly and shoots up into the strata where it belongs as sure and swift as an arrow. Dainty is delicate and graceful in its movements, and sails into its proper sphere as leisurely and as gracefully as a swan."

All of the kites are tailless. They are made of stout sticks, crossed, each of the same length, their point of crossing depending upon fixed laws that the experimenter has evolved from experience. They are covered with the lightest of silk, one covered with gauzy white Japanese napkins sewed together, weighing only a few ounces.

"Everybody has a chance to study a little of the wind currents, anyway," concluded the experimenter, "for they could see the flags of the University Building across the square flying in an E.SE. breeze, while my kites for the first 1,000 feet were being carried away by a strong southerly wind and were floating stiffly for the second 1,000 feet in a brisk SW. wind."

MR. WOGLOM AND HIS KITE-SUSPENDED FLAG.

A HUMBLED OFFICIAL.

Or the Very Pretty Way in Which a "Fly" Clerk Was Called Down.

"Have you any mucilage in there?" asked a sharp-featured, elderly lady at the stamp-seller's window, at the post-office.

"No!" snapped the urbane clerk inside.

"How will I make this envelope I just bought of you stick, then?" demanded she with the asperity of a woman who feels she has got the worst end of a small bargain.

"Lick the flap; there's mucilage on it," said the clerk laconically.

"No; there ain't! Not a mite!"

"Then you must have licked it off. Some of you people seem to expect to get your dinners off the government."

"Oh, we do! do we?" cried the irate spinster. "Let me tell you that I ain't reduced to making my meals off of your nasty old mucilage. I had a better dinner to-day before I came downtown, than you ever saw in your life. You pale-faced, dried-up whippersnapper! you're a nice one to talk about dinner! You look as if you lived on liver and string beans at a three-dollar-a-week boarding house!"

"All right, madam; move on!" said the clerk, who by this time had begun to realize he had caught a tartar.

"Wait till I've told you what I had for dinner first. Let's see. We had tomato soup and baked blue-fish"——

"Never mind what you had for dinner."

"Don't be impatient sonny. Then we had broiled spring chicken that would melt in your mouth, and green peas"——

"There's a dozen people behind you; move on!"

"And pickled beets and sliced tomatoes"——

"Will you move on?"

"When I get good and ready. I'm a-going to tell you what a good dinner is so as you'll know one if you ever see it; which isn't likely."

"Go away; I haven't time to hear you now."

"Yes; you have. The people is paying for your time, I guess, and I'm one of them. Don't you ever forget that the folks that come to this window is the folks you're working for."

"No; I won't, if you'll only go away," promised the clerk feebly.

"All right. Then I'll let you off from the dessert, though the blackberry shortcake would have made your eyes stick out, and the cream we had with it was that thick it would bear up a spoon. But I want you to remember

Everywhere We Go

We find some one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and people on all hands are praising this great medicine for what it has done for them and their friends. Taken in time Hood's Sarsaparilla prevents serious illness by keeping the blood pure and all the organs in a healthy condition. It is the great blood purifier.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c per box.

Slight Omission.

One little thing omitted! What a difference it makes sometimes, especially in cooking.

A Frenchman, having eaten plum pudding for the first time, was so delighted with it that he asked his English hostess for the recipe, which, of course, she gave him. He carried it home, gave it to his wife and at the same time gave her an enthusiastic account of the delicacy.

Not long afterward the dessert came on the table in a soup tureen and was ladled out into soup plates.

"What is this, my dear?" asked the Frenchman.

"Ploom pooding," answered his wife.

He laughed at her and she produced the recipe, which, as she declared, had been strictly followed. And so it had been, for the English lady had omitted all mention of the cloth. The ingredients had been put, according to direction, into a pan of boiling water, had been cooked for the prescribed time and had come out—soup.—Youth's Companion.

Two Showings.

"Boy fell into the water at the park to-day," remarked Master Phil, as he placed his finger over a bust of John Bunyan and took a seat on the music canterbury, "and just as we all thought he was a goner his big dog pulled him out."

"That shows, Arthur," remarked Mrs. Pitcher, "how dangerous it is for boys to play at the water's edge."

Think so much? I thought it showed how safe a boy was if he only had a dog."—London Sporting Times.

Would be Convenient.

"What a great pity," said the sportsman, who wanted to take his catch home, "that our fish aren't more like our office boys."

"I don't quite see the connection," replied his friend.

"Then the longer you keep them the fresher they'd get."—Washington Star.

Handled With Care.

Customer (who has just purchased a wonderfully cheap set of furniture)—Do you always pack furniture carefully before delivering it.

New Boy—This kind we do, 'cause the jarring would shake it to pieces.—New York Weekly.

MERITED REWARD.

SALES OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Unequalled in the History of Medicine. Honesty, Excellence, Faithfulness Fitly Rewarded.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by *Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound and never in the history of Mrs. Pinkham's wonderful Compound has the demand for it been so great as it is today. From Maine to California, from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence, come the glad tidings of woman's suffering relieved by it; and thousands upon thousands of letters are pouring in from grateful women, saying that it WILL and *does* positively cure those painful

Ailments of Women.

It will cure the worst forms of female complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb, and consequent spinal weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the change of life.

Every time it will cure

Backache.

It has cured more cases of leucorrhœa by removing the cause, than any remedy the world has ever known; it is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills

work in unison with the Compound, and are a sure cure for constipation and sick-headache. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is frequently found of great value for local application. Correspondence is freely solicited by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., and the strictest confidence assured. All druggists sell the Pinkham's remedies. The Vegetable Compound in three forms, — Liquid, Pills, and Lozenges.

GEN. HARRISON'S PORTRAIT.

He Finds Posing Unpleasant in Very Hot Weather.

Eastman Johnson, the artist to whom ex-President Harrison has been posing for a portrait, said today the recent hot weather might be conducive to the growth of presidential booms, but it was demoralizing as far as portraits are concerned. "It is hard luck. We've been planning for this portrait for a long time, and as New York has the reputation of being a charming place during the last weeks of May and the first of June, I was much pleased to have the sittings take place at this time. Then the thermometer started up to break the record and embarrass General Harrison and myself. On the whole, however, I am satisfied with the progress, although several extra sittings will be required on account of the sensitiveness of my studio to the heat. The portrait is a three quarter face and nearly a full figure. The

GEN. HARRISON IN HIS NEW STRAW HAT.

ex-President is what is known in my line of work as a good sitter. He is a man of well-balanced nerves and in perfect health. But even these advantages cannot make an amateur model contented in a studio with the thermometer at 96."

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

I have berries, grapes and peaches, a year old, fresh as when picked. I use the California Cold Process. I do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last week I sold directions to over 120 families; any one will pay a dollar for directions, when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident that any one can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will send sample of fruit and complete directions, to any of your readers for eighteen two-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc., to me.

FRANCIS CASEY, St. Louis, Mo.

HOW SHE MIGHT GET ONE.

Harrowing Tale of the Unfortunate Daughter of a Millionaire.

"Father!"

"The beautiful heiress looked lovingly into the eyes of the great capitalist.

"Yes, my child."

He, who was cold and haughty to others was gentle as a woman with her, and his voice and manner showed how much her happiness was to him.

"I am dying of ennui, father," she said. "Won't you grant me a little favor?"

"Anything in reason that you wish, Beatrice," he answered.

"It will not cost much, father," she said. "I am a -weary of everything I have and I would marry. Buy me a man."

"My child, but last week I got an English duke and a French count, and——"

"I know, father," she interrupted, wearily, "but you were cheated on that last importation. I knew the moment I saw them that they were not according to the invoice, so I couldn't accept either. I want a man—a real man."

"Some one of courage, energy and independence?" he asked, hesitatingly, as if fearful of her answer.

"Yes," she said.

"Alas! my poor girl, there are none for sale," he said, sadly. "I can buy you a title or a yacht or social position or a dude, but a man—a real man—cannot be purchased. Let me get you another invoice of lords, and possibly you may——"

"No," she said decidedly; "I must have a man."

He walked the floor in great perturbation for a few minutes. Then his face suddenly brightened.

"I'll do it, I'll do it, I'll do it!" he exclaimed.

"I have it," he said. "Strange I never thought of it before."

"You'll buy me one," she said.

"I cannot," he replied. "But—but," he added, so agitated by his discovery that he could scarcely speak plainly, "it just occurs to me, my child, that—that possibly you might get one yourself, just like other girls, you know."—Chicago Herald.

—Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Something About Peppermint.

Subscriber: The center of the peppermint industry is in Wayne county, New York, but large quantities of it are raised in Michigan. If you will write to the postmaster at Kalamazoo, enclosing a stamp and mentioning The Blade, you will no doubt get the name of some one engaged in the industry who will give you all the desired information. The plant is the ordinary peppermint found in nearly every state, growing wild. The beds are started from root cuttings sown thickly in drills, just far enough apart so they may be cultivated until the plants cover the ground and suppress all weed growth. After the first season the crop is cut like hay, allowed to wilt, put up in cocks, and then taken to the still, where big steam-tight vats are filled with stuff, and the steam turned on. After a time the steam is condensed in a "worm" (a coil of pipe surrounded by cold water), and the mixture of water and peppermint oil caught in a vessel, where the oil is separated from the water. The oil is subject to fluctuations in price, in accordance with the demand. It is fairly profitable to raise. To make peppermint oil machinery is necessary. You should have a good steam boiler and some vats. No great skill is required in making it.

Atrophy of Shoulder.

H. C. N., Michigan: Notwithstanding the fact that your colt struck his shoulder on the hard road when he fell, you should be careful not to apply anything to the shoulder until you are well satisfied that the shoulder is involved. Remember that four cases in five, horses lame in front are lame in the feet. A horse lame in the shoulder cannot advance that leg promptly, but rather drags it forward; in doing so he attempts to swing the leg forward, and swings it outwards. Have the shoe removed, pare the entire sole evenly, especially the corn place, and the part about the point of the frog. Be sure there are no corns or bruises of the sole. If you are certain the shoulder is affected and sweeney is manifesting itself, rub the part well with oil of turpentine, 2 ozs.; spirits of camphor, 2 ozs. If there is inflammation in the shoulder, it must first be reduced with hot water fomentations. The colt must have, if the shoulder muscles are affected, at least five weeks' rest.

Horse Acts Lame.

C. C. S., Vermont: See answer to H. C. N. in this issue of The Blade regarding lameness in front. Stand your horse on a ground floor, as plank is irritating, and give plenty of bedding at night. Examine for bruises or corns. The editor is of opinion from that which you write that the lameness is not in the shoulder. Stand him with his feet in a tub of warm water for an hour each day for four or five days. Dry the legs well afterward, and apply vinegar and salt to the ankles, a good handful of salt to the quart. If the tendons along the fetlock joint seem sore after this, rub in a little of this: Red iodide of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs. You must keep the horse away from the pound until he has entirely recovered. The hoof of the horse is of delicate construction, and is more susceptible to injury than most horse owners suppose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Curing Pork.

The following practical plan for curing pork is not a "neafangled" method. It is old and simple, but none the less effective. It was discarded temporarily at one time for a trial of the sugar-curing process, the result being a speedy return to "anc

Talmage's Sermon.

EXPURGATION OF THE SCRIPTURES HIS THEME.

"Let God be True, but Every Man a Liar," His Text.

New York, June 10.—In his sermon for Sunday, Rev. Dr. Talmage dealt with a subject that is agitating the entire Christian church at the present moment, viz.: "Expurgation of the Scriptures." The text chosen was: "Let God be true, but every man a liar." Romans iii. 4.

The Bible needs reconstruction according to some inside and outside the pulpit. It is no surprise that the world bombards the Scriptures, but it is amazing to find Christian ministers picking at this in the Bible and denying that until many good people are left in the fog about what parts of the Bible they ought to believe, and what parts reject. The heinousness of finding fault with the Bible at this time is most evident. In our day the Bible is assailed by scurrility, by misrepresentation, by infidel scientists, by all the vice of earth and all the venom of perdition, and at this particular time even preachers of the gospel fall into line of criticism of the word of God. Why, it makes me think of a ship in a September equinox, the waves dashing to the top of the smoke-stack, and the hatches fastened down, and many prophesing the foundering of the steamer, and at that time some of the crew with axes and saws go down into the hold of the ship, and they try to saw off some of the planks and pry out some of the timbers because the timber did not come from the right forest! It does not seem to me a commendable business for the crew to be helping the winds and storms outside with their axes and saws inside. Now this old Gospel ship, what with the roarings of earth and hell around the stem and stern, and mutiny on deck, is having a very rough voyage, but I have noticed that not one of the timbers has started, and the captain says he will see it through. And I have noticed that keelson and counter-timber-knee are built out of Lebanon cedar, and she is going to weather the gale, but no credit to those who make mutiny on deck.

When I see professed Christians in this particular day finding fault with the Scriptures, it makes me think of a fortress terrifically bombarded, and the men on the ramparts, instead of swabbing out and loading the guns, and helping fetch up the ammunition from the magazine, are trying with crowbars to pry out from the wall certain blocks of stone, because they did not come from the right quarry. Oh, men on the ramparts, better fight back and fight down the common enemy, instead of trying to make breaches in the wall.

While I oppose this expurgation of the Scriptures, I shall give you my reasons for such opposition. "What!" say some of the theological evolutionists, whose brains have been addled by too long brooding over them by Darwin and Spencer, "you don't mean really believe all the story of the Garden of Eden, do you?" Yes, as much as I believe there were roses in my garden last summer. "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the sun and moon stood still?" Yes, and if I had strength enough to create a sun and moon I could make them stand still, or cause the refraction of the sun's rays so it would appear to stand still. "But," they say, "you don't really believe that the whale swallowed Jonah?" Yes, and if I were strong enough to make a whale I could have made very easy ingress for the refractory prophet, leaving to evolution to eject him, if he were an unworthy tenant! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that the water was turned into wine?" Yes, just as easily as water now is often turned into wine with an admixture of strychnine and logwood! "But," say they, "you don't really believe that Samson slew a thousand with the jaw-bone of an ass?" Yes, and I think that the man who in this day assaults the Bible is wielding the same weapon!

There is nothing in the Bible that staggers me. There are many things I do not understand, I do not pretend to understand, never shall in this world understand. But that would be a very poor God who could be fully understood by the human. That would be a very small Infinite that can be measured by the finite. You must not expect to weigh the thunderbolts of Omnipotence in an apothecary's balances. Starting with the idea that God can do anything, and that he was present at the beginning, and that he is present now, there is nothing in the Holy Scriptures to arouse skepticism in my heart. Here I stand, a fossil of the ages, dug up from the tertiary formation, fallen off the shelf of an antiquarian, a man in the latter part of the glorious nineteenth century believing in a whole Bible from lid to lid!

I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures in the first place, because the Bible in its present shape has been so miraculously preserved. Fifteen hundred years after Herodotus wrote his history, there was only one manuscript copy of it. Twelve hundred years after Plato wrote his book, there was only one manuscript copy of it. God was so careful to have us have the Bible in just the right shape that we have 50 manuscript copies of the New Testament a thousand years old, and some of them 1,500 years old. This book handed down from the time of Christ, or just after the time of Christ, by the hands of such men as Origen in the second century, and Tertullian in the third century, and by men of different ages who died for their principles. The three best copies of the New Testament in manuscript in the possession of the three great churches—the Protestant Church of England, the Greek Church of St. Petersburg, and the Romish Church of Italy.

It is a plain matter of history that Tischendorf went to a convent in the peninsula of Sinai and was by ropes lifted over the wall into the convent, that being the only mode of admission, and that he saw there in the waste basket for kindling for the fires, a manuscript of the Holy Scriptures. That night he copied many of the passages of that Bible, but it was not until 15 years had passed of earnest entreaty and prayer and coaxing and purchase on his part that that copy of the Holy Scriptures was put into the hand of the Emperor of Russia—that one copy so marvelously protected.

Do you know that the catalogue of the books of the Old and New Testaments as we have it, is the same catalogue that has been coming on down through the ages? Thirty-nine books of the Old Testament thousands of years ago. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament sixteen hundred years ago. Twenty-seven books of the New Testament now. Maricon, for wickedness, was turned out of the church in the second century, and in his assault on the Bible and Christianity, he incidentally gives a catalogue of the books of the Bible—that catalogue corresponding exactly with ours—testimony given by the enemy of the Bible and the enemy of Christianity. The catalogue now just like the catalogue then. Assaulted and spit on and torn to pieces and burned, yet adhering. The book to-day, in 300 languages, confronting four-fifths of the human race, in their own tongue. Four hundred million copies of it in existence. Does not that look as if this book had been divinely protected, as if God had guarded it all through the centuries?

Is it not an argument plain enough to every honest man and every honest woman, that a book divinely protected and in this shape, is in the very shape that God wants? It pleases God and ought to please us. The epidemics which have swept thousands of other books into the sepulchre of forgetfulness, have only brightened the fame of this. There is not one book out of twenty thousand that will live a century. Yet here is a book, much of it sixteen hundred years old, and much of it four thousand years old, and with more rebound and resilience and strength in it than when the book was first put upon parchment or papyrus. This book saw the cradle of all other books, and it will see their graves. Would you not think that an old book like this, some of it forty centuries old, would come along hobbling with age and on crutches? Instead of that, more potent than any other printed book of the time. More copies of it printed in the last ten years than of any other book—Walter Scott's Waverly Novels, Macauley's "History of England," Disraeli's "Endymion," the works of Tennyson and Longfellow, and all the popular books of our time having no such sale in the last ten years as this old, worn-out book. Do you know what a struggle a book has in order to get through one century or two centuries? Some old books during a fire in a seraglio of Constantinople were thrown into the street. A man without any education picked up one of these books and read it, and did not see the value of it. A scholar looked over his shoulder and saw it was the first and second decades of Livy, and he offered the man a large reward if he would bring the books to his study; but in the excitement of the fire, the two parted, and the first and second decades of Livy were forever lost. Pliny wrote twenty books of history, all lost. The most of Menander's writings are lost. Of one hundred and thirty comedies of Plautus, all gone but twenty. Euripides wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but nineteen. Aeschylus wrote a hundred dramas, all gone but seven. Varro wrote the laborious biographies of seven hundred Romans, not a fragment left. Quintilian wrote his favorite book on the corruption of eloquence, all lost. Thirty books of Tacitus lost. Dion Cassius wrote eighty books, only twenty remain. Berosius's history all lost.

Nearly all the old books are mummified, are lying in the tombs of old libraries, and perhaps once in twenty years some man comes along and picks up one of them, and blows the dust off, and opens it and finds it the book he does not want. But this old Book, much of it forty centuries old, stands to-day more discussed than any other book, and it challenges the admiration of all the good and the spite and the venom and the animosity and the hypocriticism of earth and hell. I appeal to your common sense. If a book so divinely guarded and protected in its present shape, must not be in just the way that God wants it to come to us, and if it pleases God ought it not to please us?

Not only have all the attempts to detract from the Book failed, but all the attempts to add to it. Many attempts were made to add the apocryphal books to the Old Testament. The Council of Trent, the Synod of Jerusalem, the Bishops of Hippo, all decided that the apocryphal books must be added to the Old Testament. "They must stay in," said those learned men; but they stayed out. There is not an intelligent Christian man that to-day will put the Books of Maccabees or the Book of Judith beside the Book of Isaiah or Romans. Then a great many said, "We must have books added to the New Testament," and there were epistles and gospels and apocalypses written and added to the New Testament, but they have all fallen out.

You cannot add anything. You cannot subtract anything. Divinely protected Book in the present shape. Let no man dare to put his hands on it with the intention of detracting from the Book, or casting out any of these holy pages.

Beside that, I am opposed to this expurgation of the Scriptures because if the attempt were successful it would be the annihilation of the Bible. Infidel geologists would say, "Out with the book of Genesis;" infidel astronomers would say, "Out with the book of Joshua;" people who do not believe in the miracles would say, "Out with all those wonderful stories in the Old and New Testaments;" and some would say, "Out with the book of Revelation;" and others would say, "Out with the entire Pentateuch," and the work would go on until there would not be enough of the Bible left to be worth as much as last year's almanac. The expurgation of the Scriptures means their annihilation.

I am also opposed to this proposed expurgation of the Scriptures for the fact that in proportion as people become self-sacrificing and good and holy and consecrated, they like the Book as it is. I have yet to find a man or a woman distinguished for self-sacrifice, for consecration to God, for holiness of life, who wants the Bible changed. Many of us have inherited family Bibles. Those Bibles were in use twenty, forty, fifty, perhaps a hundred years in the generations. To-day take down those family Bibles, and find out if there are any chapters which have been erased by lead pencil, and if in any margins you can find the words: "This chapter not fit to read." There has been plenty of opportunity during the last half century privately to expurgate the Bible. Do you know any case of such expurgation? Did not your grandfather give it to your father, and did not your father give it to you?

Beside that, I am opposed to the expurgation of the Scriptures, because the so-called indelicacies and cruelties of the Bible have demonstrated no evil result. A child will read the Bible cruelty—an unclean book will produce uncleanness. Fetch me a victim. Out of all Christendom and out of all the ages, fetch me a victim whose heart has been hardened to cruelty, or whose life has been made impure by this book. Show me one. One of the best families I ever knew of, for thirty years, morning and evening, had all the members gathered together, and the servants of the household, and the strangers that happened to be within the gates—twice a day, without leaving out a chapter or a verse, they read this holy book, morning by morning, night by night. Not only the older children, but the little child who could just spell her way through the verse while her mother helped her. The father beginning and reading one verse, and then all the members of the family in turn reading a verse. The father maintained his integrity, the mother maintained her integrity, the sons grew up and entered professions and commercial life, adorning every sphere in the life in which they lived, and the daughters went into families were Christ was honored, and all that was good and pure and righteous reigned perpetually. For thirty years that family endured the Scriptures. Not one of them ruined by them.

Now, if you will tell me of a family where the Bible has been read twice a day for thirty years, and the children have been brought up in that habit, and the father went to ruin, and the mother went to ruin, and the sons and daughters were destroyed by it—if you will tell me of one such incident, I will throw away my Bible, or I will doubt your veracity. I tell you, if a man is shocked with what he calls the indelicacies of the word of God, he is prurient in his taste and imagination. If a man cannot read Solomon's song, without impure suggestion, he is either in his heart or in his life a libertine.

The Old Testament description of wickedness, uncleanliness of all sorts, is purposely and righteously a disgusting account. Instead of the Byronic and the Parisian vernacular which makes sin attractive instead of appalling. When those old prophets point you to a lazaretto, you understand it is a lazaretto. When a man having begun to do right falls back into wickedness and gives up his integrity, the Bible does not say he was overcome by the fascinations of the festive board, or that he surrendered to convivialities, or that he became a little fast in his habits. I will tell you what the Bible says: "The dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." No gilding of iniquity. No garlands on a death's-head. No pounding away with a silver mallet at iniquity when it needs an iron sledge hammer.

I can easily understand how people, brooding over the description of uncleanliness in the Bible, may get morbid in mind until they are as full of it as the wings and the beak and the nostril and the claw of a buzzard is full of the odors of a carcass; but what is wanted is not that the Bible be disinfected, but that you, the critic, have your mind and heart washed with carbolic acid!

I tell you at this point in my discourse that a man who does not like this book, and who is critical as to its contents, and who is shocked and outraged with its descriptions, has never been soundly converted. The laying on of the hands of the presbytery, or episcopacy, does not always change a man's heart, and men sometimes get into the pulpit as well as into the pew, never having been changed radically by the sovereign grace of God. Get your heart right and the Bible will be right. The trouble is men's natures are not brought into harmony with the Word of God. Ah! my friends, expurgation of the heart is what is wanted.

You cannot make me believe that the Scriptures, which this moment lie on the table of the purest and best men and women of the age, and which were the dying solace of your kindred passed into the skies, have in them a taint which the strongest microscope of honest criticism could make visible. If men are uncontrollable in their indignation when the integrity of wife or child is assailed, and judges and jurors as far as possible excuse violence under such provocation, what ought to be the overwhelming and long resounding thunders of condemnation for any man who will stand in a Christian pulpit and assail the more than virgin purity of inspiration, the well-beloved daughter of God?

Expurgate the Bible! You might as well go to the old picture galleries in Dresden and Venice and in Rome and expurgate the old paintings. Perhaps you could put a foot of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" that might be improved. Perhaps you could throw more expression into Raphael's "Madonna." Perhaps you could put more pathos into Rubens's "Descent From the Cross." Perhaps you could change the crests of the waves in Turner's "Slave Ship." Perhaps you might go into the old galleries of sculpture and change the figure and the posture of the statues of Phidias and Praxiteles. Such an iconoclast would very soon find himself in the penitentiary. But it is worse vandalism when a man proposes to refashion these masterpieces of inspiration, and to remodel the moral giants of this gallery of God.

Now, let us divide off. Let those people who do not believe the Bible and who are critical of this and that part of it, go clear over to the other side. Let them stand behind the devil's guns. There can be no compromise between infidelity and Christianity. Give us the out and out opposition of infidelity rather than the work of these hybrid theologians, these mongrel ecclesiastics, these half deluded people, who believe the Bible and do not believe it, who accept the miracles and do not accept them, who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures and do not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures—trimming their belief on one side to suit the pride of their own heart, and feeling that in order to demonstrate their courage they must make the Bible a target and shoot at God.

There is one think that encourages me very much, and that is, that the Lord made out to manage the universe before they were born, and will probably be able to make out to manage the universe a little while after they are dead. While I demand that the antagonists of the Bible, and the critics of the Bible go clear over where they belong, on the devil's side, I ask that all the friends of this good book come out openly and above board in behalf of it. That book, which was the best inheritance you ever received from your ancestry, and which will be the best legacy you will leave to your children when you bid them good-bye as you cross the ferry to the golden city.

Young man, do not be ashamed of your Bible. There is not a virtue but it commends, there is not a sorrow but it comforts, there is not a good law on the statute book of any country but it is founded on these Ten Commandments. There are no braver, grander people in all the earth than the heroes and the heroines which it biographizes.

Of all the works of Dore, the great artist, there was nothing so impressive as his illustrated Bible. What scene of Abrahamic faith, or Edenic beauty, of dominion Davidic, or Solomonic, of miracle, or parable, of nativity, or of crucifixion, or of last judgment but the thought leaps from the great brain of the skillful pencil, and from the skillful pencil to canvas immortal. The Louvre, the Luxembourg, the National Gallery of London compressed within two volumes of Dore's illustrated Bible. But the bible will come to better illustration than that, my friends when all the deserts have become gardens, and all the armories have become academies, and all the lakes have become Gennesarets with Christ walking them, and all the cities have become Jerusalems with living Shekinah; and the two hemispheres shall be clapping cymbals of divine praise and the round earth a footlight to Emanuel's throne—that, to all lands and all ages, and all centuries, and all cycles will be the best specimen of Bible illustrated.

Do You Feel Irritable?

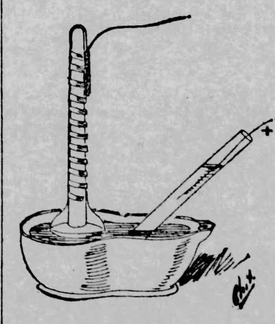
Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It makes a refreshing, cooling beverage and is an invigorating tonic, soothing to the nerves.

BERTHELOT'S EXPERIMENTS.

He Finds a Substance With Which That Gas Will Combine.

We have previously illustrated the apparatus wherewith Messrs. Ramsay and Rayleigh absorbed, with incandescent magnesium, the nitrogen of the air in order to obtain argon, says Le Monde Illustre. M. Guntz has shown that one may very easily get argon by absorbing the nitrogen with lithium raised to a lower (dark red) temperature. Again, we have told in previous issues how argon justified the title of "sluggish" and "inactive." M. Berthelot, however, has succeeded in making the gas combine with benzine, thus obtaining a yellow resinous and odorous substance, forming, under the influence of heat, a



volatile product and a carbonaceous residue. Unfortunately the very small amount of this material which he obtained at first did not admit of elaborate examination.

The learned chemist in this work applied an agent which he had otherwise repeatedly employed, namely, the silent, relatively dark (or invisible) electric discharge, as distinguished from the audible discharge of the spark. The current was regulated with a Ruhmkorff coil having a vibrating interrupter, and was of high tension. The sketch exhibits the apparatus. It was a gauge, enlarged at the lower end and surrounded by a thin ribbon of platinum, arranged spirally and communicating with the negative pole of the coil. This gauge contained the gas and the substance with which it was to be combined. Into this tube was introduced one arm of another, bent to a V-shape, closed at its upper end and filled with dilute sulphuric acid. Another wire, immersed in the acidulated water, communicated with the positive pole of the coil. This is the device with which M. Berthelot was able rapidly to absorb nitrogen by means of carbureted hydrogen. The silent discharge possesses this advantage over the spark: it does not permanently raise the interior temperature, and consequently does not disintegrate more or less unstable compounds, as the sparks might do.

While the current lasted one might observe in the tube containing argon and benzine a faint violet glow, visible in darkness. Once there was perceptible the formations of a fluorescent substance that developed a brilliant green light and a special spectrum, quite analogous to, but not identifiable through yesterday's researches with, that of the Aurora Borealis.

Class in Ethnology.

Teacher—Who were the three sons of Noah?

The Class—Shem, Ham and Japheth.

Teacher—Where did the descendants of Shem settle?

The Class—In Asia.

Teacher—Where did the children of Japheth settle?

The Class—In Europe.

Teacher—Where did the children of Ham settle?

Bright Boy (after a pause)—My father says they're all on the stage.—Boston Transcript.

How to Make Antiques.

"Some men can take new furniture and make it look as if it was made a century ago," says a journalist. So can some children.—Tit-Bits.

FITS CURED

(From U. S. Journal of Medicine.)

Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise anyone wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

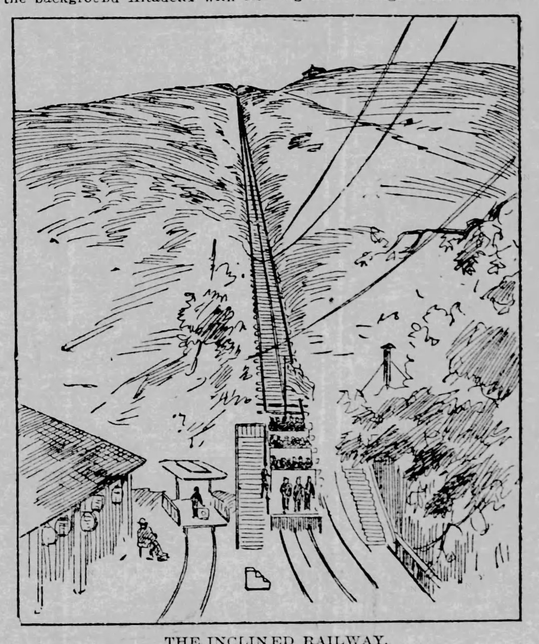
GLIMPSE FROM THE HEIGHTS.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB ON A TOUR.

Members Ascend Echo Mountain Up the Great Incline—What They Saw From the Summit.

A group of bright-faced women wearing yellow satin badges, with the legend S. C. W. P. C., stood gaily chatting—all at once—on the platform of the Los Angeles terminal railway station early one morning last March. It had rained the day before, and the air was full of the odor of the refreshened earth and new-blown flowers, the birds were singing their welcome to the spring and old Sol wore his cheeriest smile as these women—members of the Southern California Woman's Press Club—waited for the special train that was to bear them to Mt. Lowe, the sightliest resort in Southern California. "Press folks are always a jolly lot," said one of the polite officials of the Mt. Lowe Railway Company, as he escorted the ladies to their seats when the train arrived, and the merry laughter and quick repartee of the happy travelers indicated that this "press-gang" was no exception to the general rule.

As we went whirling through the orange groves—laden with the white waxy blossoms, the rich, golden fruit and the deep green leaves—which lined the way on either side—for this railroad is like a driveway through a continuous park—the exclamations of delight attested the high appreciation of the excursionists. Especially were the Northern visitors pleased and surprised to see on this brisk spring morning all nature bedecked in midsummer attire. Leaving the orange groves and Pasadena, the fairest gem in the coronet of San Gabriel valley, in the background Altadena with its



THE INCLINED RAILWAY.

famed poppy-fields burst upon us like a golden sea.

But before we could catch our breath and turn to take in the view we were hurried from our train into the prospect cars for Rubio canon, the wild and rugged scenery of which appealed to the sense of sublimity within us and for a few seconds silenced even this band of chatty women. Passing higher and higher through the great canon till looking backward Los Angeles, seemed a mere speck in the panorama of beautiful distances, we again changed cars, this time for the great cable incline—one of the engineering wonders of the age—and began the ascent of Mt. Lowe singing a song composed on the cars for the occasion by Rev. Ada C. Bowles, of Pomona:

Here we go,
Here we go
All according up Mt. Lowe;
Press Club we,
"Press Gang" we,
Goodly Companie
From the mountains capped with snow
We shall see from world below
In cloud-land height
Shafts of light
Illuminate Mount Lowe.

An idea of the great ascent can only be given by stating comparative heights and distances by giving actual figures, viz: Los Angeles, the starting point, is 300, Pasadena, 850, Altadena, 1,550; Rubio Canon 2,200, and Echo Mountain, our final stop, 3,500 feet above the sea level.

The propelling force of the cable drawing the cars on the incline is a dynamo of 75 horse power at Rubio Canon, actuated by a Pelton water wheel, which furnishes the electric motor of 80-horse power in the power house on Echo Mountain. This incline is at an angle of 65 degrees.

This motor operates the winding machinery by which the great cable is made to haul the heavily built cars up the incline. Leaving "the Half Way House" at Rubio Canon the great mountain rose before us a picture of sublimity with its rugged grandeur and smooth, green sides covered with the most exquisite ferns, brakes and wild flowers. One who is the least inclined to nervousness had better keep "the upward gaze of the prophets of old" as they ascend Echo Mountain, for it will make him dizzy to look down to the dark depths over which he is passing—the rails of the incline shining like slender threads over yawning crevices and rugged bowlders of the mountain side and even disappearing at times when even the stoutest hearted might stop to think "what is man that ye are mindful of him?" Yet it is man's great ingenuity that devised and made perfectly safe this apparently perilous journey. The vastness of this view burst upon us in surprised delight as we reached the Echo Mountain House at the summit of Mt. Echo where we were to enjoy for a few hours the hospitality of its genial host, Prof. L. S. C. Lowe.

Here we beheld the magnificent scene which has enraptured thousands of visitors from our Eastern states and Europe. Reveling as we do every day in scenes of beauty in our lovely southland one might think we had exhausted our ability to admire, but "highest force comes with highest possession," hence we were not slow in grasping the ideality of the scene.

Far off to our right as we turned our faces toward the City of the Angels lay the great Pacific glimmering like an opal set on one side by the emerald fields nearer in and the turquoise of the sky beyond. To our left rose peak upon peak of the grand old Sierra Mountains till their snow-clad crests were lost among the fleecy clouds that detracted nothing from the scene but tempered the sunshine of a day growing warmer as the hours advanced.

Nearer in, yet seeming farther off, lay San Pedro harbor, with its immense shipping traffic, a mere dot on the landscape. The great Raymond hotel, standing on its high eminence, looked like a small house in the distant valley. Altadena looked only the miniature of an elfin village, and Pasadena, the city of lovely restful homes nestling among her orange groves interspersed with reservoirs of water, sparkling like diamonds in the scene, looked so very rural and picturesque that one could scarcely realize it was our stirring little city; and the whole San Gabriel Valley seemed, indeed, what it is, the Happy Valley of our American Italy.

A hundred feet above us we could see the tunnel, penetrating 100 feet into the solid rock—which furnishes the abundant water supply for all the hotel buildings and other service in the canon.

At this great altitude—overlooking from the mountain to the sea—vast extent of the finest land in our state—Prof. Lowe has constructed an 80-roomed hotel that would do honor to a metropolis, which is most elegant and convenient in its finishing and furnishing. On the first floor are the offices, a number of guest chambers, and the grand lobby or reception room—where from the dainty and abundantly supplied tables the Press club enjoyed a delicious luncheon.

The view from the windows of this room includes the higher mountain peaks and the Observatory building, containing the great telescope. The upper floor contains more guest chambers and the beautiful parlors, from the windows of which, leading to cosy loggias and broad verandas, can be enjoyed the inspiring views above mentioned. After luncheon and a social chat in the parlors, we visited the observatory where Prof. Swift, the great astronomer, gave a brief but interesting talk exhibiting and explaining the workings of the immense telescope, and showing us a large number of astronomical photographs. The professor was loth to let us go, seeming delighted to talk to us on his favorite subject, but time was passing, and there were other things to see. The theologian of our party mentioned that it had been said that heaven was located on Mars, and she asked Prof. Swift if he had caught any glimpses of it through his telescope, or if any one had yet located hell. The professor replied that he had not been able to discover either one, notwithstanding that his telescope is one of the most powerful now in use.

The search light—the largest of its kind in the world—next received our attention, and when we saw how immense it was and heard its power explained in figures which latter will come in a future article—we were not surprised that many an evening its broad glare, turned on the streets of Los Angeles, 25 miles away, would brighten our path in that city.

Not the least notable feature is the wonderful echo, which gives the name to the mountain and hotel. A small cannon is kept in the hotel grounds for the purpose of illustrating this echo. It was interesting to listen to the seven distinct echoes of the cannon shots as they rumbled or fell from peak to peak and gorge to gorge, from a roar like thunder to a tremulous wail. Next in order was an instructive visit to the menagerie, which Prof. Lowe has supplied from all parts of the world for the amusement of his guests. But we could not tarry here, the train homeward bound was due and the cable car was ready to descend. Like a winged bird it bore us down again to the picturesque Rubio Canon, where, as suddenly as we came to a standstill, a camera was placed in front of us, and we were not permitted to alight from our carriage till we were "taken." Of course, such pictures are not flattering; if the members look at all handsome in this picture the imagination of the reader may picture them much better looking in reality. Some of our members are counted among the most charming of Southern California's charming women.

An interesting incident occurred in

THE MT. ECHO HOTEL.

the natural panorama spread out before us as we descended. As the cars were leaving Rubio and we looked back for a last view of the mountains, we saw the clouds, that had hung like lace veils over the higher peaks, were now moving downward as if coming to say good night, and quickly as we watched their moving beauty reflecting the slanting west-light of the declining sun, they reached Mount Echo, and the whole scene vanished in a blur of pale vapor glinting with the flecks of the afternoon sunshine, a picture never to be forgotten by us.

Through the proverbial courtesy of the Mt. Lowe railway, Mr. W. H. Knight was our escort for the day, and right gallantly did he discharge his duties, and to him the Southern California Woman's Press club owes a rare treat and a day of uninterrupted pleasure.

ALICE MOORE M'COMAS.

—Nearly every one needs a good tonic at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true tonic and blood purifier.

What He Wished.

Cobbs—That was a pretty sentiment young Masher got off the other night when bidding Miss Plumpy good-night.

Dobbs—So! what was it?

Cobbs—He said he wished she was locked up in his arms and the key lost.—Truth.

TURNING GRAY

AND THREATENED

WITH BALDNESS

The Danger is Averted by Using

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

"Nearly forty years ago, after some weeks of sickness, my hair turned gray and began falling out so rapidly that I was threatened with immediate baldness. Hearing Ayer's Hair Vigor highly spoken of, I commenced using this prepara-

tion, and was so well satisfied with the result that I have never tried any other kind of dressing. It stopped the hair from falling out, stimulated a new growth of hair, and kept the scalp free from dandruff. Only an occasional application is now needed to keep my hair of good, natural color. I never hesitate to recommend any of Ayer's medicines to my friends."—Mrs. H. M. HAIGHT, Avoca, Neb.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla Removes Pimples.

EMPRESS FREDERICK AT HOME.

A Charming Woman and a Beautiful Home.

I was absorbed in looking at the gracefully shaped chairs and couches, the lovely carpets, the tapestry on the walls, and all the countless objects of interest which filled the spacious apartment, when suddenly, without a moment's warning from either official or attendant, the empress, accompanied by her lady-in-waiting, approached, says a writer in the St. James Budget. Her majesty was attired in a well-fitting black dress, the material of which I could not quite determine, and a becoming garden hat of the dark hue. I noticed that, save for earrings of smoked pearls, she was without any ornament of jewelry; though I subsequently learned that when en grande tenue her display of precious stones is something wonderful. I confess I should hardly have recognized our former Princess Royal from the portraits of her usually seen in London, for she looked so much younger than they represent her. No sooner did she begin to converse than I was struck by a certain likeness to the Prince of Wales, especially about the eyes, when she smiled. The empress's manner is charming; one instantly feels at ease in her presence; and her keen appreciation and quick understanding of all that she hears are instantly apparent in the varying and sympathetic tones of her pleasant voice.

At the termination of my interview I was permitted to see something of the castle before I left. The finely proportioned dining room particularly impressed me, with its splendid mantelpiece, over which was a bust of the late emperor, and the music gallery at the end of the room. The table happened to be laid ready for luncheon, and I had time to notice that its decorations—chiefly masses of roses in silver bowls—looked exquisite. Thence I was taken into a large apartment in which were cases all around the walls, filled with every kind of antique

EMPRESS FREDERICK.

object of art in metal, wood, ivory and china, such as one sees at South Kensington.

The great drawing room pleased me immensely—lighted by lofty windows overlooking the terrace. Green tapestry covered the walls. The furniture was superb—chairs, sofas, tables, etc., of, I think, the Louis XV period, being arranged in groups, all in strict harmony with the architecture of the salon; while the fine center carpet of a predominant red color set off the upholstery to perfection. I simply walked through the spacious library, but I could have spent a week there in closely examining pictures, medals, coins, rare engravings, and her majesty's selected collection of well read books. I was then allowed just to peep into the private rooms up-stairs—the guest chambers—where I saw that no two chairs seemed to be exactly the same, either in shape or color. Her imperial majesty's boudoir and bedroom en suite looked south, and commanded lovely views of the distant mountains.

As I walked back to the station through the beautiful grounds I carried away with me a general but confused recollection of room after room at Friedrichshof, each furnished in different fashion, but everywhere some valuable example of the cabinet maker's art, or some priceless work of looms long since silent; and I shall never forget the sense of coolness in the wide corridors, in delicious contrast with the heat outside, and the prevailing sensation of order and English regularity. Friedrichshof is by no means in an isolated position, standing aloof in solitary grandeur from the rest of the world. There are charming villas dotted about the hillsides in every direction; and one very fine mansion is close to the grounds of the Schloss, though not inconveniently so. At the rear are the romantic looking ranges of the Taunus mountains, the scene of many a legend and tale of the past. In the nursery garden I had just time to glance at the 1-hour-ones, where a fine display of begonias and roses delighted me, and a special house where most tempting looking peaches were flourishing.

Danger in It.

Hostess—Well, Tommie, you can tell your mother for me that you are the best-behaved boy at the table I ever met.

Tommie—Thank you, ma'am, but I'd rather not.

Hostess—Rather not? And why, pray?

Tommie—She'd think I was sick, ma'am, and send for the doctor.—Harper's Bazar.

Retribution.

Gomez—I say, was it you who recommended that cook to my wife?

Perez—I believe so.

Gomez—Then I should like you to come and have supper with us to-night.—La Gracela de Malaga.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

The Sunday School.

The Saviour's Parting Words.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations. Matt. 28:19.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 24:44-53.)

Compare Acts 1:1-12.

44. And he said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me.

45. Then opened he their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures.

46. And said unto them, Thus it is written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day:

47. And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.

48. And ye are witnesses of these things.

49. And behold, I send the promise of my father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high.

50. And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them.

51. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.

52. And they worshiped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy.

53. And were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God. Amen.

Illustrative Applications.

These are my words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you (v. 44). It has been said that "the world doesn't need instructing so much as it does reminding." A new revelation wouldn't be of much value while the old one is not attended to. A quaint and wise divine said that he didn't think much of the policy of a farmer who was always buying more land and never improving what he owned. If we would know just how Jesus would advise us if he were to speak to us personally to-day, we can look back to the record of his words while he was here on earth, and be sure to find something that exactly fits our case.

Then opened he their mind, that they might understand the Scriptures (v. 45): There is more to be learned in the Bible as it is, than the wisest man on earth can know in a lifetime with his present power of learning. What is wanted is reference to the Bible is not mere meaning in its words, but more ability in the student to discern and comprehend its words. Old Thomas Fuller says: "Lord, this morning I read a chapter in the Bible and therein observed a memorable passage, whereof I never took notice before. Why now, and no sooner, did I see it? Was it because I came with more appetite than before? Or see the oil of the word will never leave increasing whilst any bring an empty barrel." It is not a new Bible we need, but new eyesight in the reading of the old Bible. Lord, "open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

Preached in his name unto all the nations (v. 47). Jesus is a center of power and influence; but a center is not a circumference. His gospel, the message of salvation in him, starts from the center of his personal life; but it is to be carried, by those who know him as a Savior, to the ever-widening circumferences of "all nations" of the earth. Those who know Jesus have a duty to make him known to others. His gospel is a trust to every one who receives it. Blessed be those who use this trust as he designed. Wo to those who hoard it for their own benefit!

Ye are witnesses of these things (v. 48). A good witness testifies from his own knowledge; he tells what he has seen or experienced. As soon as he goes beyond this he ceases to be a witness. What Jesus wants of the disciples, in their preaching to the world, is good witnessing. Their arguments, their reasoning, their discussions, go for very little; but their personal testimony will have value. Christians must know Jesus; know that he is their Redeemer; know that he sustains them in all their trials and supplies them in all their needs, before they can convince others by their assurance of the truth of these things. What do you personally know about Jesus? What is your personal experience of his love, and of his satisfying presence? Ye are witnesses of these things.

While he blessed them, he parted from them (v. 51). Blessing and trials go together in this life, and many a blessing finds its power in the trial which accompanies it. A parents' words have fresh hold on a child as the son or daughter goes out from the old homestead. The parting injunction of a friend from whom one is far separated has increased force through that separation. It is after death that many a man's, or a woman's, best work is done for the loved ones. If it were not for the darkness of the night the stars would not be seen. Jesus does not intend that his followers shall be without those trials which give them the fullest benefit of his benedictions and promises. While he blesses them, he seems to part from them. It is expedient for them that he go away. But while he is away, he does not forget them; and he will come to them again. In the absence of Jesus, let us be faithful in the work to which he has set us; and as we work, let us watch for his return.

They returned to Jerusalem with great joy; and were continually blessing God (vs. 52,53). Joy and praise are Christian duties. Praise and joy are evidences of love and faith. He who realizes that Jesus is his Saviour, that he shares the very life of Jesus, and that he is sure to share in the final triumphs of Jesus, cannot be dependent if he tries to be. If we are not joyously praiseful, and praisefully joyous, "continually," the trouble is not with our condition or circumstances, but it comes of our failure to see the truth as it is in Jesus. Let us look up and look forward, and bless God always. Amen.—H. Clay Trumbell in Sunday School Times.

"Madam, here is an article—
Difference scarce a particle
'Twixt this tooth wash and famed
SOZO—
"DONT care for it, thanks, sir,
None with that one ranks, sir,
Fact—and everybody knows so."

Making an Old Man Happy.

An old chap who had come down from Twenty-third street with me and got off at the City Hall had talked all the way down about the New York police, and what a fine body of men they were. As we crossed the park we encountered a patrolman, and the old man halted him and said:

"Say, I want you to do me a great favor. If you will'll never forget it."

"What is it?" asked the officer.

"I want to shake hands with you. I live up in Camden, Oneida county. We've got one policeman for the hull town, and he thinks he owns the earth. I tried to tech him with a ten-foot pole the other day, and he kicked like a steer. Say! Lemme shake hands with you, and then you pat me on the back. When I git back home I want to tell him about it. I want to make him feel that he isn't half as big as he thought he was."

The officer looked at me and winked.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1895.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 100,000

ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

A HAPPY IDEA FOR ALL OUR CLUB RAISERS.

These Prize Offers Do Not Conflict With the Offer Elsewhere.

Scores of our subscribers write us that it is very exciting and interesting to take three months' subscriptions to the Weekly Blade at ten cents. They start out to raise a club of ten, and usually become so interested in the work that they secure fifty, one hundred or even more names the first day. Then they continue the work to see what they can really do.

We notice that a number of club-raisers are selecting books consecutively, beginning with No. 1 on the list. This shows that they have an idea of sending in names enough to get the entire series of books, or else are interested to see how high up in the list they will get before September 1.

This is a good idea, and we are determined to encourage it. Therefore, we propose to announce another list of ten prizes, which will in no wise conflict with the other, but will be in addition thereto. By this we mean that it will be possible for any one person to obtain a prize from both lists.

First—We offer a Blade sewing machine to every person who will secure, during the three summer months, the whole list of sixty-eight books as premiums. This premium is worth $18.

Second—We offer a hunting-cased gold watch—described as No. 1 in The Blade list—worth $15.75, to every person who will secure, during the same time sixty premium books.

Third—We offer a hunting-cased coin silver watch—described as No. 27 in the Blade list—worth $10, to every person who will secure 58 premium books.

Fourth—We offer a Blade china dinner set, 108 pieces, valued at $9.25, to every person who will secure 56 premium books.

Fifth—We offer an open-faced coin silver watch—described as No. 26 in the Blade list—valued at $6.50, to every person who will secure 50 premium books.

Sixth—We offer an open-faced nickel silver Elgin watch—described as No. 4 in the Blade watch list—valued at $5.50, to any person who will secure 48 premium books.

Seventh—We offer one dozen of table knives, described in the Blade list, and valued at $4.25, to any person who will secure 45 premium books.

Eighth—We offer one Blade china tea set, 56 pieces, valued at $4.00, to any person who will secure 43 premium books.

Ninth—We offer one dozen nickel table spoons, described in the Blade list, valued at $2.35, to any person who will secure 40 premium books.

Tenth—We offer one dozen nickel tea spoons, as described in the Blade list, valued at $1.25, to any person who will secure 30 premium books.

We call particular attention to the fact that the above offers are NOT merely offered to the FIRST persons securing the above number of books, but to ALL who reach the required number. This offer, therefore, does not mean merely ten prizes, but it may possibly mean 100 prizes, as we apprehend a very large number will, during the season, secure the above prizes.

Be SURE and number your lists of names consecutively, so that we can tell, at a glance, how your list stands on September 1. Many of our readers are already advanced toward some of the above premiums, and hundreds more can very easily secure the same prizes, if they go at the work at once.

AN "AMERICAN WEEK."

Here is an idea for the progressive business men of Toledo—or, for the matter of that, of any live, energetic town or city in the United States. It is to have an "American week," during which all the stores, of every kind, are decorated with articles of American manufacture only; American-made goods—the product of American labor—are placed prominently in view, and special attention called to their qualities and prices, in order that customers may understand that the idea is a fallacy that "imported" goods are necessarily better than those produced at home.

Springfield, Massachusetts, according to the American Economist, is the first city which has adopted this scheme; and its success there should give confidence that it would be a success elsewhere. That paper points out that this plan, properly and skilfully carried out, will not only help the immediate sale of our own products and manufactures, but it should tend to create a lively subsequent demand for the same goods.

In very many retail stores it is regarded as quite the proper thing to sell American goods as if they were of foreign manufacture, and their proper display upon their own merit will afford customers an opportunity of learning that they have not been in the habit of buying something that was English, French or German.

We heartily agree with the Economist in its suggestion that we should have "an American week" in every city, town and village in the United States. Show American goods, buy American goods, wear American goods and eat American food. The first week in July, with its day of national independence, would be a fitting and a proper time for the occasion.

Campbell will get the Democratic nomination for Governor of Ohio, and the Populists will put up Coxey, the hobo general. And Bushnell will wipe the earth with both of 'em.

ADVICE TO KANSAS FRIENDS.

There is a new stirring up among the friends of prohibition in Kansas, and they propose, on Independence Day, the "glorious 4th," to assemble in mass convention at Topeka, the capital of the state, and resolve that prohibition must prohibit. According to their own protests that is a great deal more than it is doing now. They complain that the prohibitory law in Kansas is shamefully violated all over the state and in many cities saloons are running "wide open" without official interference. Yet Kansas is a prohibition state. It is assumed that a majority of the people are in favor of prohibition. Notwithstanding this fact the law is not enforced. The Prohibitionists say so and this mass convention is called for the purpose "of taking some action to call a halt in the present state of affairs."

Now, what will that convention do? We know all about the pace set by the usual convention, whether political or otherwise. The members thereof will resolve that they "view with alarm" the neglect of the enforcement of the law. They will "point with pride" to the country localities, outside the cities, in which it is fully enforced; and they will "demand" in ringing resolutions that the law shall be enforced in the cities.

But that will not enforce the law. In all states prohibition sentiment is strongest in those localities where there is the least to prohibit. It is weakest in those cities where there is most to prohibit. Hence prohibition does not prohibit except in localities in which public sentiment is strong enough to control the elections and enforce the law. It takes a much stronger public sentiment to enforce a prohibitory law than merely to adopt it.

Are denunciatory speeches and the adoption of resolutions, going to change public sentiment where it now assents to the systematic violation of the law? Not a bit of it. It will have no effect whatever. Well, why do not our friends see the case as it really is, and take steps to do some effective work? The thing to do is to educate the people up to a knowledge of the evils of the traffic, that they may become supporters of the law, rather than assent to its violation.

We have a suggestion to make to our Kansas friends when they meet at Topeka. That city is in one of the most populous counties of the state, and it may be that right there the law is systematically violated. If not there, than some city in which it is. Let the convention stop speech-making, or the adoption of resolutions, and all that sort of flamboyant posing, expected to be reported in the newspapers. Let it rather, first appoint, out of its own numbers, a committee of say 25 good speakers—not fellows who parade up and down platforms and abuse everybody who don't think as they do, but men who can tell, in plain, homely language, all about the evils of the saloon, the cost of drunkenness, the need of personal temperance, of the abolition of the saloon.

Second, let the members of the convention pledge themselves to raise money enough to pay the expenses of the members of this committee of 25, to hire halls and open them for the public discussion of the question whether the law shall be dodged.

Let the twenty-five men take Topeka, or whatever city may be selected. Let them secure halls, right down in the sections where the workingmen or drinking men live. Let there be twenty-five meetings every night, each in charge of one member. Get right down to the people. Hire a vacant room next to a saloon, if possible. Don't waste time with big church meetings; the church people favor the law anyhow, and you can't get the fellows you want to reach to come to a church.

Spend the day in going out to the railroad yards, through the factories, among the working class everywhere, inviting them to come and discuss the question. Let each speaker get right down to the level of these people, find out why they drink, what they think of the law, and so on. Get them to come to the meeting. Give a good plain talk. Figure up on a blackboard how much they lose. Teach them the injury they do their bodies and minds, the harm they bring on their wives and children. Get them to talk back, and discuss the matter.

Keep these twenty-five meetings up every night for a week. Then have a big mass meeting on Sunday, and get all to join, and have your best speakers recapitulate the whole argument. In that way you can educate the public sentiment of that town so that the law will be upheld.

Try it on, friends in Kansas! That is the way to build up public sentiment; and until you have it on your side, you can do nothing effectual to

Pulverize the Rum Power!

"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

On the fifth page of to-day's paper we begin an examination of the arguments advanced by that famous little book, "Coin's Financial School."

We ask every one interested in the currency question to read it—especially the concluding paragraphs.

The truth hurts no one. The nation may be wrecked by error—never by truth. If there is anything in the argument advanced which is wrong, we ask that it be pointed out. We are trying to get at the truth.

EMILY FAITHFULL.

Miss Emily Faithfull, who died a few days ago in England, was one of the heroines in the effort to enlarge the sphere of woman's work, and secure for her remunerative employment. For thirty-six years she stood for the industrial freedom of her sex—first almost alone, a pioneer, but later one of a multitude. She attracted respectful attention from the first because she was well born and well bred, and not one of the class whom she strove to help. Hence she enlisted the aid of the powerful and the wealthy, instead of becoming the leader of a workingwomen's crusade. Much of her work was done by writing and lecturing, but as opportunity offered she put her ideas into practical operation. Her work won her recognition from the queen, who in 1888 presented her a personal memorial in commemoration of her thirty years of service for womankind. She visited the United States three times, and while here was a close observer of American life. Much of the progress which the working women of England have made is due to the labors of Miss Faithfull.

Bradstreet's agency reports that at 75 places east of the Rocky Mountains, 227 factories started between April 1 and the end of May, giving work to 55,000 employes. Within this period it finds that the wages of 175,000 employes have been advanced an average of 10 per cent. The business revival is no longer coming; it is here.

THE CABINET CHANGES.

Mr. Cleveland has promoted Attorney General Olney to the secretaryship of state left vacant by the death of Mr. Gresham, and filled the attorney generalship by appointing Judge Harmon, of Cincinnati.

Mr. Olney is recognized as the strongest man in Mr. Cleveland's cabinet, and the promotion is a wise step, all things considered. The President does not like to make changes in his official family. This peculiarity was well known during his former term of office. Hence he preferred to advance a man whom he already knew than to select an untried man.

Ohio is recognized, rather than the Democratic party of the state, in the selection of Judge Harmon for attorney general. That gentleman has never taken any conspicuous part in state politics, and is an unknown man, outside of the southwestern corner of the state, to the rank and file of his party. He is a member of ex-Governor Hoadly's law firm, and, like that gentleman, was a Republican until the "Liberal Republican" movement against General Grant's renomination in 1872, when he apostatized, and followed Greeley into the Democratic camp.

His appointment is due, it seems, chiefly to Secretary Carlisle, who is a personal friend. It does not appear that any of the Democratic leaders in Ohio asked for it, or even knew that it was in contemplation. Like his predecessor, Mr. Olney, Judge Harmon is a corporation lawyer. He resigned from the bench of the Superior court at Cincinnati in 1887 to become the head of the firm of Harmon, Colston, Goldsmith & Hoadly, who are the legal advisers of several railroad companies and other large corporations. It is peculiar that Mr. Cleveland insists on having a "corporation lawyer" for the government's legal adviser.

THE FINANCIAL ISSUE.

The following letter, from a Blade subscriber at Beebe, Arkansas, is well worth noting, and of having its statements carefully considered:

Editor Blade:—I enjoy your paper and feel confident you will not think it intrusion for a subscriber, even away down in Arkansas, to express his views in reference to it. With all its admirable qualities, I fear The Blade, and other leading Republican journals, are making a mistake in placing the financial issue before that of the tariff. In a recent article you say that the Presidential campaign will doubtless be decided on the silver issue. It seems to me we should not permit the Democrats to divert the attention of the people from the real cause of our recent financial panic. Beyond a doubt, their tariff tinkering is the main cause, and the Republican party shall not have accomplished its mission until it re-establishes that system, under which our country enjoyed such marvelous and unprecedented prosperity. No country can be prosperous, no matter how perfect its monetary system may be, which is industrially dependent. Let us fight it out on the tariff; and then, when the Republicans are restored to power, as it seems an almost conceded fact they will be in 1896, we can safely trust to their patriotism, and ability to remedy any defect in our finances. This is the general opinion of the Southern Republicans as to the safest course, and on this line, with proper efforts, we can add to an overwhelming victory. Yours for McKinley. C. F.

Our correspondent fails to consider the fact that the Democrats themselves have practically abandoned the free trade issue. Everybody knows that the present Democratic tariff law is far from being a radical "tariff for revenue only" measure; yet it has demonstrated that every departure from the sound principles of protection is fraught with disaster to the people. If the square issue of protection or free trade were presented to the voters of the nation, protection would win by an almost unanimous vote. Hence, the Democratic leaders, knowing that it is impossible to obtain any recognition for their position on the tariff, have shifted their ground, and are talking the currency issue to the exclusion of everything else. They are shrewd in this. Circumstances aid them. The number of people who deem a radical change in our currency system a necessity is very large. And it is equally true that a majority of those with whom this issue takes first place are in the ranks of the Democratic and Populist parties.

When two parties join issue in battle, each must be prepared to meet the attack of the other at any point. If the enemy attack on one flank, it is not long until the forces are arranged in line of battle along the threatened flank. That is the condition to-day. The forces of Democracy are preparing to throw themselves en masse upon the Republican army at a new point. We must meet the attack. A new line of battle must be formed so as to meet and defeat the enemy.

That point of attack is embraced in the currency question. We must make the battle of 1896, from present indications, upon that. We will win on it, and meantime hold our ground on the tariff, and when the forces of Republicanism triumph, we may not only look to see the currency question settled honestly and fairly, but the tariff revised on protection lines. Let no Southern Republican fear the result. "The greatest good of the whole people" is the Republican motto, and a triumph of the party in 1896 will demonstrate once again that it is the only party fit to be entrusted with the control of the nation.

The complications at Jeddah, growing out of the assault by Arabs on the British, Russian and French consuls, may develop into an international dispute of the first class. The "sick man of Europe" may be approaching his end. In the interests of civilization let us hope so.

Don't take too much stock in the reports from Havana that the Cuban rebellion is on its last legs. Spain is preparing to send 25,000 more troops to Cuba, a fact that shows pretty clearly the determination of Gen. Campos to be on the safe side.

The Indiana supreme court has decided that prize fighting is contrary to public policy, and can not be legalized. It is hard to understand how a case involving so plain a point could ever have reached the state court of last resort.

Postmaster Hesing, of Chicago, says the free silver plank in the Illinois Democratic platform will cost the party 150,000 German votes in that state. The Germans are sound money men.

The Democratic deficiency policy will be fully illustrated in the Presidential vote of 1896. And it will be a deficiency which can not be remedied by a bond issue.

An ice trust capitalized at twelve millions is annoying the New Yorkers. Why not establish artificial ice plants and bid the trust defiance?

Kentucky Republicans held an enthusiastic convention, and are in good fighting trim. Col. Bradley will be the next governor.

Democratic figures furnished by Secretary Carlisle are the best possible campaign documents for the Republican party.

TURKEY IS DEFIANT.

All Islam is aflame. The outrages at Jeddah are but one of the indications of the lava-tide of fanatic bigotry which is surging in the bosoms of the Moslem population of the Sultan's dominions. The fanaticism of the Mohammedans was aroused by the inquiry into the Armenian outrages which was set on foot by the nations of Western Europe, and it has increased with each successive stage until, like a prairie fire, it has swept over Turkey, Syria and Arabia. The attack on the British consulate at Jeddah, and the murder of the vice consul, is the first overt manifestation of this religious zeal, which was here intensified by the attempt to quarantine pilgrims from Mecca because of cholera.

A formal demand was made by Great Britain, France and Russia that certain radical reforms shall be made in Armenia. The Sublime Porte refuses to make the concessions demanded. What are the reasons behind this refusal?

It has been conjectured that Turkey has the secret backing of some great European power. It is hardly possible that it could be Germany, yet she is the only nation formidable enough to aid Turkey in case of war with either or all of the three powers.

It seems more probable that the Sultan does not dare to yield because of the intense religious excitement among his people. They are wrought up to a white heat against the "infidel dogs" who have dared to dictate terms to the Father of the Faithful, and this in behalf of the despised Christians of Armenia. The Sultan might have a rebellion on his hands; and one fomented in the interests of Islam would be too formidable for him to hope to overcome. His army, even, would join against him.

And it may well be, too, that the Sultan is relying upon the fact that, while every European Power would be glad to see the Crescent driven beyond the Dardanelles, they could never agree as to who should fall heir to Turkey in Europe. Ever since the days of Peter the Great, Russia has dreamed of fixing her capital in the city of Constantine, and of thus becoming the arbiter of Europe and the master of Asia.

None others of the Great Powers would allow this peaceably. And it is equally sure that Russia would not permit any one of them to occupy Turkey and hold Constantinople. The Sublime Porte is well aware of these facts; and without doubt they count as a factor in the refusal to accede to the proposition of the three Powers as to Armenia.

What will be the outcome? Will it require a war, ending in the erection of an Armenian principality, as was the case in Bulgaria?

THE DEMOCRATIC SPLIT.

The silver question bids fair to split the Democratic party wide open. The announcement of Chairman Harrity that no meeting of the Democratic national committee will be called this summer to consider the silver question or the holding of a silver convention has already inaugurated a movement in behalf of a "volunteer" convention, and the men who engineered the Illinois gathering are at work preparing for a national meeting.

Secretary Hinrichsen, of the Illinois committee, is in communication with silver men and officers of the state committees in the West and South generally, and is urging them to take concerted action in the matter. The friends of President Cleveland at Washington shake their heads despondently, and say frankly that they do not see how the tidal wave is to be checked, or how the party can stand any show of success next year if the agitation keeps up.

A few of the more sanguine hope that improved business conditions may turn the attention of the public to other matters, but the silver leaders evidently do not intend that the silver question shall take any place in the background. There is every reason to believe that a national gathering of Democrats will be called to consider this question, and that it will be attended by delegates from probably three-fourths of the states, perhaps from all.

Meantime, the Republicans are making the most of it. They are pushing for advantage in the close states. They believe that they will stand a show in Kentucky if the silver issue keeps at the front as it has done to this time. This is the explanation of the earnestness in the recent convention of the party in that state.

REPRESENTATION IN THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

The question of the representation of the Southern states in the next national Republican convention is likely to become of interest. It will be remembered that the national convention of 1892, at Minneapolis, adopted a resolution recommending the national committee to so alter the basis of representation that the states which give Republican majorities shall have a corresponding representation in the convention; that is, that the states which must be relied upon to elect a Republican President shall have something to say about the nomination of the candidate.

This resolution was adopted because of the fact that President Harrison could not have been renominated at Minneapolis had it not been for the support of the delegates from the Southern states, not one of which gave him an electoral vote. In that convention were 906 votes; necessary to a choice, 454. Harrison received the following votes from Southern Democratic states: Alabama, 15; Arkansas, 15; Florida, 8; Georgia, 26; Kentucky, 22; Louisiana, 8; Maryland, 14; Mississippi, 13 1-2; Missouri, 28, North Carolina, 17 2-3; South Carolina, 13; Tennessee, 17; Texas, 22; Virginia, 9, and West Virginia, 12; total, 240 1-6. Harrison's majority over all was 166.

The national committee will not meet until next February, but the matter is beginning to receive attention because Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, who is a candidate for the nomination for Vice President, proposes to fight the proposition for a change. He calls himself a "Southern man," and is going to run his campaign on that basis. Hence he does not want the power of the Southern states in the convention abridged or curtailed. Whether he will succeed in his purpose to prevent a change remains to be seen.

There is a clergyman in Philadelphia so popular that his congregation has outgrown even the large church where he preaches, and he has consequently adopted the device of connecting three halls by telephone, so that three congregations can hear him at once. This is another illustration of the fact which some of the ministerial brethren do not seem to recognize—that people will go to church when they get good preaching.

KITCHEN ECONOMY.

Mr. Edward Atkinson is the most distinguished writer upon social economics in the United States; indeed, the foremost American authority upon all the topics embraced under that comprehensive title. He is equally at home in discussing free trade, protection, mechanical arts, cotton, banking, or competition in production—for he has written valuable monographs on all those subjects.

Some years ago he invented a cooking arrangement which he called the "Aladdin stove," for the economical preparation of food. He refused to patent it, in the hope that this would lead to its extended use, and a consequent enormous saving over the present wasteful methods. Some little time ago he gave an exhibition of its powers at Washington, in the residence of Assistant Secretary Hamlin, of the treasury department. The guests numbered fourteen, and included Secretary and Mrs. Gresham, Secretary and Mrs. Carlisle, Secretary Morton, Mrs. Bissell, and the Japanese minister.

The bill of fare on that occasion consisted of fish chowder, fricassee of chicken with lettuce salad, roast lamb, asparagus, potatoes, boiled ham, baked beans, brown bread and baked Indian pudding. Mr. Atkinson put into the oven the material for the dinner—excepting the baked beans and the brown bread, which had been prepared before—and left it to its fate until the time set for the repast. The stove was in the dining room, but the guests could detect no odors from it.

A pretty appetizing bill of fare, was it not? Yet his stove cooked it at an expense of ten cents for coal oil, and the total cost of the dinner, including that, was three dollars. A first-class dinner for fourteen people for that sum is phenomenal.

Mr. Atkinson's object was, of course, to set people with an economical turn of mind to thinking about the waste of food and fuel in the United States, which is something enormous in the aggregate. If Mr. Atkinson can thus bring about reform in this direction he will be considered a public benefactor. There can be no doubt as to the possibility of making a heavy yearly saving in every household by systematic methods in the kitchen. It was long ago said that the waste of an American family's kitchen would maintain a French family of the same number, through the latter's more economical kitchen management. If Mr. Atkinson can bring about this reform, he is a reformer indeed.

THE CLEVELAND CONVENTION.

The National League convention which meets in Cleveland next week promises to be an interesting meeting of this important auxiliary of the party organization; the more so this year, as it will be the last meeting of this body before the opening of the Presidential campaign of 1896. The delegates composing the national convention are made up of the hustlers of the party, the men who plan and execute campaigns and win victories.

The League for years has been an important factor in the work of organization. It has been content to follow out the plan of action agreed upon by the authorized machinery of the party. On the platforms adopted by state and national conventions it has fought the battle of the party, and much of the success which the Republicans of the country has enjoyed in recent years is due to the labors of the League. It will be remembered at the Louisville convention two years ago an effort was made by some of the members to make the League the spokesman of the party. It failed, because a majority of the delegates believed the province of the League was to execute the plans adopted by the regular party organizations.

It is understood an effort will be made at Cleveland next week to have the National League take advanced grounds on the money question; to set the pace for the party next year. If this is attempted, it should fail, as the League clearly has no right to promulgate a declaration of principles. It has no right to mark out a course for the party.

Neither should the convention be used to advance the interests of any one candidate for President. Coming upon the eve of the great national contest, it is but natural that on the part of some of the delegates an effort will be made to do this. The level-headed members must see that this is not done.

In many respects the Cleveland convention will be an important one. Properly conducted, it will prove of great benefit to the party. Its proceedings should be marked with conservatism, and its aggressive, fighting characteristics should be held in check until next year.

MASSILLON MINERS ASK HELP.

The Massillon miners have been starved into submission. They have thrown up their hands and accepted a 51 cent rate, and at the same time they have asked Governor McKinley for assistance, declaring that they will be unable to support their families at this price even though they are given steady work. They have been without work all winter, and they now give up because there is nothing else they can do.

The situation of these mines is indeed pitiful. Securely tied to the Pennsylvania field they are compelled to accept 9 cents less than is paid to miners of the Keystone state. Consumers of coal would gladly pay a few cents more per ton if the increased price would go to the miners instead of the operators. It is a touching story which comes from the Massillon district, and Ohio must see to it that none of her citizens suffer for want of the necessaries of life.

PASTE IN YOUR HAT.

Here is the story in a nutshell. It might be a good thing to paste it in your hat for handy reference in answer to the campaign liars:

McKinley law (normal period); monthly surplus, $705,135.

Wilson law (normal period); monthly deficiency, $6,301,550.

McKinley law, first nine months, surplus, $16,152,564.

Wilson law, first nine months, deficiency, $56,713,950.

Average yearly surplus McKinley law (normal period), $8,467,620.

Average yearly deficiency Wilson law (normal period), $75,618,600.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We desire to send specimen copies of the Weekly Blade to thousands who are not regular subscribers. We want everybody to know the special features announced for publication this summer, as well as the low price we make for clubs. Will our readers please send us addresses of their friends to whom we can mail sample copies? And we desire especially those who want to raise clubs, to write us for all the specimens they need.

Tom Reed is still up in the Maine woods, sawing wood and saying nothing.

THE GREAT SILVER QUESTION.

It needs no prophet to tell the readers of The Blade that the silver question is now the one issue of most absorbing interest to the American people. It is not too much to say that unless there is a decided change in public sentiment—which is very unlikely indeed—the Presidential campaign of next year will be decided on this issue.

The question must be settled.

It must be settled right.

We all know that sometimes a theory is very attractive, yet when put in practice it falls utterly. Did any voter who felt impelled in 1892 to vote for Cleveland and free trade imagine that the brilliant theory would prove to be the means of bringing the two years of distress and hard times from which we are now slowly emerging?

So, when we say the silver question must be settled right, we mean that it must be settled in the interest of the welfare and prosperity of the whole people.

As it is to be settled by the votes of the people, it is an absolute necessity that the voters shall understand the question—shall study both sides—shall weigh carefully the arguments pro and con—so that they may vote intelligently, and with a full understanding of what the results will be.

Is not this the correct view?

The Blade proposes to devote considerable space during the summer, beginning within a few weeks, to the discussion of this burning question in a broad, fair-minded spirit. We shall make The Blade's columns a forum in which the leaders of both sides shall state the case from their standpoint, and present their arguments.

We are now arranging for a series of papers, by leading publicists, statesmen and leaders on both sides of the silver question, all men of national reputation, each of whom will present, in plain language for plain people, his views on this burning question.

We have by no means completed our list, but are able this week to announce that the following gentlemen have consented to prepare articles on this subject for The Blade:

HON. WM. L. STRONG, of New York City, the Republican reform mayor of that metropolis—who is an Ohio man, of course.

HON. CHARLES S. FAIRCHILD, Secretary of the Treasury during Cleveland's first administration.

MR. WALTER H. PAGE, editor of the Forum, the leading monthly review of America.

MR. EDWARD ATKINSON, whose fame as an authority on economic topics extends to two continents.

MR. HORACE WHITE, of New York, the well known political economist.

MR. DOSWORTH, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, the leading commercial journal of the United States.

As we said above, these names are but a beginning. We hope by next week to add other distinguished names to the list, for we shall make this series of articles notable all over the Union.

We shall also discuss these papers editorially as they appear, and state what we believe to be the correct view.

Nothing like this series will appear in any other newspaper. It will be the most valuable discussion of the question which has yet appeared.

We shall soon make a full announcement of the papers, and give the names of the writers.

READ OUR NEW SERIAL.

Every reader of The Blade who likes a story full of dash and adventure—and who does not?—should not fail to read the first instalment of "The Golden Rock," our new serial, which is begun in to-day's issue.

It is a story of quite a different type from our last serial, the scene opening in London, whence it is at once transfered to the sea, during the exciting times of the Brazilian rebellion; thence it changes to Southern Africa, in the strange quest for the mysterious Stone Face, from which alone can the locality of the Golden Rock be ascertained. The strange landscape of South Africa, so little known to Americans, the people, their ways and manners, and their queer methods of journeying on the frontier, are vividly given, and are absolutely true to life, for Mr. Glanville has lived there, and has reproduced the local color with absolute fidelity.

OUR AUGUST SERIAL.

Our August serial is of an entirely different order. It is a story of American life of the present day, and one which, while holding the interest of the reader through every chapter, yet has an underlying lesson which makes it beneficial and useful to every reader, young or old. It is entitled:

AN ENEMY'S WORK.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Mr. Rexford is a well-known American writer, and his writings are favorites with the great mass of intelligent readers. This story was not prepared for the general literary market, but was written expressly for The Blade, with an eye single to its vast army of readers who find in it their ideal type of family newspaper. Mr. Rexford has known The Blade for years, and was a contributor to its columns in the past. His thousands of old friends among our readers will be glad to welcome him back again.

These Two Serials.

It is an almost impossible thing to find a serial story which will please all readers. Though a large majority of readers may admire a story, there will inevitably be another class who do not care for it. Vice versa, a story that will please the latter class will not the former. We have tried, in selecting these two stories, to please ALL. "The Golden Rock," is a story of travel and adventure, of war and love, true to life and to the localities depicted; "An Enemy's Work" is an American home story, quite as interesting in its way, but on totally different lines. We know that at least one of these will please every reader, and we believe both will be eagerly and acceptably read by all the great Blade family.

Spain has finally apologized for the Allianca incident. It will be recalled by all who can remember that bit of ancient history that our administration called for a "prompt" reply. How is three months' delay for promptitude?

Next year will witness a fearful political fatality among freak statesmen.

YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEM.

George P. Kenrick tells the Montreal Gazette that President Cleveland "is the laziest fisherman it has ever been my privilege to know. There he sits in the stern of his boat in a comfortable armchair, dozing away until he gets a bite, which immediately awakens him. He jerks in the fish, which is taken off the hook by the boatman, who rebaits and throws the line in again. The President continues his doze and only wakes up when another bite gives the signal. Mr. Cleveland is getting very fat indeed."

This story is told of Congressman Dockery, of Missouri: Discovering a stretch of country road near Gallatin that was in a bad state of repairs, the Congressman donned a pair of overalls, shouldered a shovel and pick, and, followed by a gang of laborers employed at his own expense, went to work and ditched the road and leveled up the road-bed.

Of the 32 secretaries of State who have held office since the organization of the government, four have died while in office—Hugh S. Legare, of South Carolina; Abel P. Upshur, of Virginia; Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, and Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana.

Francois Coppee is the first person to receive the Emile Augier prize of $1,000 awarded by the French academy for the best play produced during the year at the Comedie Francaise or at the Odeon. He receives it for his play, Pour la Couron.

Mrs. Gresham will not return to Washington, but will make her residence in Chicago hereafter with her children. All the effects of the late secretary at the Arlington have been packed up and will be shipped to Chicago.

At the tomb of Gen. Grant Thursday, Gen. Porter announced that the Grant monument would be completed in another year. This will be most gratifying news to the whole country. Gen. Grant has been dead ten years.

Hans Breitmann, otherwise Charles Godfrey Leland, has collected from the people and re-told a quantity of "Legends of Florence," and proposes to bring them out in a book immediately.

Hon. J. Proctor Knott, who is now a college professor at Centre college, Ky., is to undertake the editorship of a free coinage newspaper in Louisville during the vacation days of the school.

Anthony Trollope, in the course of 35 years, wrote 60 novels and made a total profit of $350,000 from the same. To-day his works are almost unread.

A paralytic stroke prostrated Commander O. F. Heyerman, formerly of the Kearsarge, at Brooklyn, and he will probably be retired.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner have been the guests of Prof. Willard Fiske at his beautiful home near Florence.

The late Robert Ray Hamilton left $10,000 to the New York park commissioners for the erection of a fountain.

WHERE MINERALS ARE FOUND.

Every mineral and metal of value in the arts or industries is found within the limits of the United States.

Every precious stone known to the lapidary has been found within the limits of the United States.

In the year 1890 iron mining was carried on for commercial purposes in 28 states.

In 1876 the copper yield of the Michigan district was nine-tenths of that of the whole country.

Garnets are found in scores of places in the United States. The best come from Colorado.

Moss agate exists in considerable quantities in Colorado and other Western states.

The only quicksilver mines of consequence in this country are located in California.

Sapphires of small size but great brilliancy have been found in North Carolina.

Lead deposits of almost illimitable extent are found in Missouri and Kansas.

Diamonds have been found in North Carolina, Virginia, California and Alaska.

Emeralds have been discovered in Arizona and, it is said, in North Carolina.

Both Alabama and Michigan have passed Pennsylvania as iron producers.

Almost every variety of corundum has been discovered in North Carolina.

Green feldspar, or Amazon stone, is found near Pike's Peak, Col.

Chrysolites have been unearthed in the Cumberland mountains.

Jasper is found abundantly in the lake regions and elsewhere.

Obsidian exists in large quantities in New Mexico and Arizona.

Mica is found in North Carolina, Georgia and elsewhere.

The turquoise has been found in New Mexico and Arizona.

Tin is known to exist in half a dozen different localities.

The moonstone exists in North Carolina and Georgia.

Marble is said to exist in 24 of our states.

Alabaster exists in seventeen different states.

Gypsum is found in a dozen different localities.

Rose quartz is found in Colorado and Montana.

Serpentine exists in New England and Virginia.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Neither Mark Twain nor Edison has any faith in doctors.

Dr. Hiram R. Revels of Washington, the first negro ever elected to the United States Senate, succeeds the late Fred Douglass as the supreme trustee of the Colored Knights of Honor of America.

Kelly, the Coxerite leader, who left a good position as foreman of a San Francisco job-printing office to lead the "industrial" army, is now crossing the plains in an old-time prairie schooner.

M. J. A. Eugene Bellange, the well-known battle-painter, died recently in Paris, aged 55 years. He was a pupil of Hippolyte Bellange, and painted many incidents of the combats of Solferino and Magenta, and of the camp of Chalons as it existed under the second empire.

A Russian cycling paper reports that Count Leon Tolstoi has become an enthusiastic bicyclist and joined the Moscow Cycling club. He rides for an hour every day, accompanied by some members of his family, who are keen cyclists, too. Tolstoi is said to have learned the art in a very short time. His age is 67.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Bacon—Troubles never come singly.

Egbert—Oh, I don't know; I've seen a fellow with only one black eye.—Tid-Bits.

Lady of the House—You can earn your dinner if you will chop that heap of firewood.

Beggar—Um—what is the menu?—Zeitgest.

"It was this way; he came up to me and shook his fist under my nose and said I had to fight."

"And you did?"

"Of course I didn't. Do you suppose there is a man on earth who could get me to do anything by saying I had to do it? Any man who expects me to fight has to say 'please.'"—Washington Star.

Maud—That stupid fellow proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I should refuse him.

Marie—Perhaps he did.—Brooklyn Life.

Weary Wiggins—Uneasy Walker is de luckiest feller on de road.

Tired Traddles—How's dat?

Weary Wiggins—He's a somnambulist, an' does all his walkin' in his sleep. Dat gives him all day to loaf in.—Harper's Bazar.

She (pointing at a star)—Ah, there is Orion.

Voice (from the darkness)—Yes are mishtaken, mum, it's O'Reilly.—Life.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Missouri river is running bank-full at Omaha, first time in more than a year.

St. Louis Shovel company has increased the wages of employes 10 per cent.

The Pennsylvania Stove company, of Steelton, has granted its employes a 10 per cent increase in pay.

Mrs. Mack, of Hamilton, Ont., is on trial at Buffalo for selling counterfeit two cent postage stamps.

Fire destroyed the Collins cart works, at Jackson, Mich., Tuesday night. Loss, $75,000 and 200 men out of work.

The new American line steamship St. Louis left for her maiden trip across the Atlantic at 11 o'clock Wednesday.

Three persons were seriously injured by the burning of a two-story frame dwelling in Chicago Tuesday night.

Rev. John Brown, of Brooklyn, has been called to the pastorate of the Olive Baptist church, Kansas City.

Miss Ida Mott Smith, Boston heiress, was married, Tuesday, to Prof. Robert Morse Lovett, of the University of Chicago.

The Salvation Army gave a Thanksgiving congress in connection with the opening of its national headquarters at New York.

Valentine Weissman, crazed with jealousy, butchered his wife with a razor and then attempted suicide, at Evansville, Ind.

Schoolteachers professing the Catholic religion have been barred from the public schools of Kansas City by the present school board.

Mrs. Bert Elders and baby and Mrs. Powell and child, of Douglass, Wyo., were drowned while attempting to ford a creek while going to a circus.

The United States authorities are on the trail of [illegible] to [illegible] per cent [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for private pastures.

Governor Morrill, of Kansas, has removed S. W. Chase from the wardenship of the penitentiary. Chase and his adherents declare that the removal is illegal, and are arming to resist.

Henry P. Schwartz, prominent Philadelphia manufacturer, committed suicide Tuesday night. He was ill and left a note saying that as he was "unfit for business, it was time to die."

The steamship Northwest, with a party of distinguished capitalists and officials from the East, arrived at Chicago Tuesday evening, breaking the record between that city and Milwaukee.

R. J. Taylor, gay young man at Tekamah, Neb., charged with the ruin of a young girl, was tarred and feathered by a mob, and turned loose with the threat that he would be lynched if he did not leave the country.

The Little Blue river, Nebraska, is over its banks, and is sweeping away gardens and crops.

Men accused of lynching Barrett Scott, ex-treasurer of Scott county, Neb., were arraigned at Butte, Neb., Thursday.

Jim Powell, Alabama negro, was lynched near Strasburg, Wednesday night, for attempting to assault a farmer's daughter.

Eighty-ninth annual synod of the Reformed Church in America is in session at Grand Rapids, Mich.

Five more survivors of the Colima disaster have drifted ashore at Blanco Head, below Manzanillo, Mexico.

The case of Alfred Merritt, against John Rockefeller, in which the plaintiff hopes to recover $1,250,000, is on trial at Duluth.

While an "Ellen N." passenger train was standing at the station at Paris, Tenn., a freight which had not been flagged, [illegible] the [illegible] coaches. Several badly hurt, but no one killed.

Jellico Birdseye Coal Co., Halsey, Ky., has assigned to a Louisville bank.

Mrs. Cleveland and family are at Grey Gables. The President is keeping bachelor hall at the White House.

Crystal Salt company's works, Saltville, N. Y

The Weekly Blade Three Months

Only Ten Cents!

In Clubs of Ten or More Names at a Time.

With Valuable Premium for Each Ten Names,

And Ten Grand Prizes Besides!

Read the Following---The Best Offer The Blade Ever Made:

Referring to the several announcements on the fourth page of this paper, of our intention for special educational matter on the silver question, presented in a plain way for plain people, we think every reader of the Toledo Weekly Blade will agree with us that we should have at least a quarter of a million additional readers during the next few months.

And we are determined that The Blade shall have the largest circulation it ever had in its history. Not for a matter of profit, but for the general good of the public. At the price we announce we will not be paid for the white paper, postage and labor, but we shall at least make the Blade well talked about in every county and village of the whole Union.

Our plans this summer contemplate the publication of matter which will be of absorbing interest to every voter in the United States. Every one must have HONEST information on the silver issue previous to the great Presidential campaign next year. We believe we can set plain facts on this subject in such a manner that the busiest person may become perfectly familiar with the entire subject, so that he will understand which side he should take when the question comes up for decision in the next political campaign. On the fourth page we have clearly stated our intentions on this matter.

Besides this, we shall publish a very interesting family newspaper, with one or two serial stories, and lots of other interesting and useful matter for all members of every family.

Now we propose to offer the Weekly Blade, in clubs of ten or more at a time, for only

Ten Cents for Three Months.

This offer is made during the months of June, July and August only. For every ten names sent us, we shall give the sender of the club a 25-cent book, such as he may select from the list given elsewhere.

We want every reader of The Blade every person who receives a sample copy of it, and every person who may otherwise receive from us this announcement, to do what they can toward sending us clubs from their respective localities.

There is no postoffice in the United States so small but can send in at least a club of ten names. An ordinary village or thrifty town can supply dozens of such clubs, while large towns can send in names by the hundred.

We desire all clubs made up of at least ten names; but should the club run larger, a book will be sent for each multiple of ten. Wheever sends a club of sixty names, for instance, can select six books from the list, and so on.

You see it will therefore be possible, during the three summer months, to obtain nearly, or quite all the sixty-odd books we announce. It will be observed that we pay for these clubs as fast as they are sent us, by mailing one book to each of ten names. We allow no cash premiums. Almost an and ten cents not must be in one name.

Democratic postmasters in current fairs in Kentucky send postage stamps or the platform; any banks. Send a draft; glance as York, Chicago or Toledo, or We are to office order or express order or by registered mail.

In addition to the above premiums we offer for these clubs, we will also give

Ten Grand Prizes

To be awarded at the close of the summer season, which will be on September 1, to the ten persons who send us the largest number of subscribers during June, July and August.

1.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending the largest list of names during the summer. Price, $18.

2.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the second largest list. Price, $18.

3.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the third largest list. Price, $18.

4.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fourth largest list. Price, $15.75.

5.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fifth largest list. Price, $15.75.

6.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the sixth largest list. Price, $15.75.

7.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the seventh largest list. Price, $9.25.

8.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the eighth largest list. Price, $9.25.

9.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the ninth largest list. Price, $9.25.

10.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the tenth largest list. Price, $9.25.

Number Your Names Consecutively.

Be sure and number the names consecutively, from No. 1 on your first club, down to the total number in your last club, so that we can tell at a glance, on September 1, how many names you have sent during the summer.

You see you will get your pay in books, as you go along, for all the names you send us; and besides you also stand the chance of getting one of these prizes. Hence the importance of numbering the names as you send them in.

With each club that you send, we want one of our coupons inclosed, as an evidence that you are entitled to the book premium. Those who receive our postal card announcement, may return the postal card with their first club. With all subsequent clubs be sure to inclose a coupon, which will be found at the end of this advertisement. This is important, in order to insure the mailing of your premium book.

You will find it easy work and full of exciting interest, to take names for the Blade at 10 cents. Some member of every family can find time for this work, and in getting out for a club of 10 you will be surprised to see that 40 or 50 names can easily be obtained in a few hours.

Sample Copies.

Send for all the sample copies of The Blade that you want for this work. Send us the names and addresses of all your friends, and we will cheerfully mail them sample copies.

We want everybody, men of all parties, to read The Blade this summer. How many scores of names can be obtained in your town? Drop us a postal card and tell us what you think can be done in your neighborhood. We would like to hear from everybody their ideas of the success of this offer in their neighborhood.

We suggest that you send, within a week, the first club of 10 to 20 names, and afterward follow up the matter with at least one club every week during June, July and August.

Address all letters,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

CUT THIS OUT AND INCLOSE WITH YOUR CLUB.

Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Good for a choice of One Book for EACH TEN NAMES.

BOOK PREMIUMS FOR THREE MONTHS' CLUBS.

As announced elsewhere, for every ten three months' subscribers sent us between now and September 1, we will mail a choice of the following list of books They are not trashy cheap books, but printed with large size type on good paper, substantially bound in enameled paper covers. Furthermore, they are all of a high grade of literature. We first offer "The Nasby Letters" so long as our stock lasts. We have but a few hundred copies left. Or, the choice of any of the following 67 books. Name your selections when you send your clubs, and books will be immediately forwarded postpaid by mail.

1.—The Reveries of a Bachelor, or, A Book of the Heart, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
2.—Lays of Ancient Rome, by Lord Macaulay.
3.—Tillyloss Scandal, by J. M. Barrie.
4.—The House of the Seven Gables, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
5.—Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell.
6.—Coming Race, by Lord Lytton.
7.—Dream Life, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
8.—Undine, by Mrs. Shelley.
9.—Fouque's Undine, or the Modern Prometheus.
10.—Sketches from an Old Manse, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
11.—The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
12.—Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb.
13.—Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith.
14.—Twice-Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
15.—Paul and Virginia, by Bernardin de Saint Pierre.
16.—Story of an African Farm, by Olive Schreiner.
17.—Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, by Wm. E. Aytoun.
18.—Lucile, by Owen Meredith.
19.—Dreams, by Olive Schreiner.
20.—Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell.
21.—One of the Profession, White.
22.—Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle.
23.—The Idylls of the King, by the late Lord Tennyson.
24.—The Pleasures of Life, by Sir J. Lubbock, Bart.
25.—The Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott.
26.—Mornings in Florence, by John Ruskin, LL. D.
27.—Rab and his Friends, by Dr. John Brown.
28.—Whittier's Poems, by J. Greenleaf Whittier.
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33.—The Princess, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
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55.—The Light of Asia, by Arnold.
56.—Last Essays of Elia, by C. Lamb.
57.—Vanity Fair. Part 1, by Thackeray.
58.—Vanity Fair. Part 2, by Thackeray.
59.—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, by Lord Byron.
60.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 1, by Susan Warner.
61.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 2, by Susan Warner.
62.—Crown of Wild Olive, by Ruskin.
63.—John Halifax. Part 1, by Mulock.
64.—John Halifax. Part 2, by Mulock.
65.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 1, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
66.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 2, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
67.—Discourses of Epictetus, with Notes translated by George Long.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It Is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (sent to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 ..
½ dozen table knives	2 25
dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

He Wasn't in It.

While my trial was going on the lawyer on the other side tried to bulldoze one of my witnesses, and made him rather warm under the collar, but presently he got back at him pretty neatly—I think. The lawyer winked at the jury and said: "You've said something about honesty—what is honesty?"

"Now," said my witness, "don't you worry about what that is; it's no business of yours."—Ohio Penitentiary News.

"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

AN EXAMINATION OF THE ARGUMENTS IT ADVANCES,

And a Discussion of the Propositions It Lays Down.

"Coin's Financial School" is a little book, written by W. H. Harvey, of Chicago, which has sold by tens of thousands of copies all over the West. It is devoted to an endeavor to show that the United States should at once open our mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver dollars at the ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for any other country—without any attempt to establish international bimetallism.

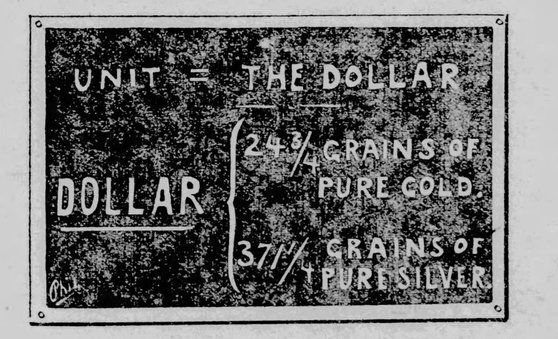
The argument is cast in the shape of a story. The author purports to report six lectures, given in Chicago, by a "smooth young financier" named Coin, who appears, from the cuts, to be a beardless boy of 16 years or thereabouts.

It seems incredible, but is nevertheless true, that a great many people really believe that such a series of lectures were delivered, and that "Coin" is a real person. For the benefit of any one reading this, and who has fallen into this error we will say that no such lectures were delivered. "Coin" is a myth, and the book was written by Mr. Harvey, a middle-aged man, in this particular form to make it more readable.

There is nothing wrong in a resort to such a device, of course; but it was hardly in good taste for Mr. Harvey to represent well-known citizens of Chicago as being present at these imaginary lectures, each and all of them being silenced as convinced by "Coin's" arguments. Among the gentlemen who were thus introduced are Lyman D. Gage, president of the First National bank; H. H. Kohlsaat, editor of the Times-Herald; L. Z. Leiter, the great dry goods man; P. D. Armour, the stock yards magnate; Potter Palmer, Samuel Allerton, Marshall Field, John V. Farwell, Joseph Medill, and others.

Singular as it may seem, some of these gentlemen were deluged with letters from all over the West, inquiring whether it were true they attended Coin's "school," and whether they had become free silver men, as represented in the book. Several of them took occasion to publish cards in the Chicago papers, denying all the allegations of the book regarding themselves, in order to stop the annoyance from the flood of letters.

We propose to examine the arguments of this little book, with a view to seeing whether they are valid or not. We believe that what the people want is facts, not theories; that the truth and the whole truth is needed at this juncture.



WHAT THE FIRST CONGRESS DID.

The first chapter of the book has an account of Coin's first lecture. Coin begins it by making a huge figure 1 on the blackboard, and defining a unit. Coin says:

They (our forefathers) had fought eight long years for their independence from British domination in this country, and when they had seen the last red-coat leave our shores, they settled down to establish a permanent government, and among the first things they did was to make 371 1-4 grains of silver the unit of values. That much silver was to constitute a dollar, and each dollar was an unit. They then provided for all other money to be counted from this unit of a silver dollar. Hence, dimes, quarters and half-dollars were exact fractional parts of the dollar so fixed.

Gold was made money, but its value was counted from these silver units of dollars. The ratio between silver and gold was fixed at 15 to 1, and afterward at 16 to 1. So that in making gold coins their relative weight was regulated by this ratio. This continued to be the law up to 1873.

Thus it will be seen that Coin seeks to prove that the silver dollar was the unit in the sense of being the sole standard and measure of value, and that no change was made until 1873.

Now, is this true, or is it not?

Let us first examine the law on the subject. It must be remembered that the United States constitution says nothing whatever about money, except to give to Congress the power to coin it and regulate its value. It forbids the states to make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts, which is defining state money, and not national money. But if we turn to the law of 1792 we shall find the regulations first established for coinage, and the one on which "Coin" lays so much stress. We quote from the law:

There shall be from time to time struck and coined at the said mint coins of gold, silver and copper, of the following denominations, values and descriptions, viz.: Eagles, each to be of the value of $10 or units, and to contain 247 grains and 4-8ths of a grain of pure, or 270 grains of standard gold. Half-eagles, each to be of the value of $5 and to contain 123 grains and 6-8ths of a grain of pure, or 135 grains of standard gold. Quarter eagles, each to be of the value of $2 and half a dollar, and to contain 61 grains and 7-8ths of a grain of pure, or 67 grains and 4-8ths of a grain of standard gold. Dollars or units, each to be of the value of a Spanish milled dollar as the same is now current, and to contain 371 grains and 4-16th parts of a grain of pure, or 416 grains of standard silver.

Now, let us construe the law given above in the light of history. The facts are these:

For some time prior to the organization of our government under the constitution, the matter of coinage had been discussed. The first point was, what should the unit be?

Some were in favor of making the pound sterling the unit, as it was in England. Robert Morris, the man whose financial aid was so valuable during the revolution, thought the unit should be small, and proposed the shilling, which was common in the colonies. But the "Spanish dollar," coined in Spain and Mexico—the peso, to give it its Spanish name—was largely in circulation, and it was adopted as the unit.

That is what Coin's big 1 on the blackboard really means. The unit of account was made the dollar.

The coinage law is dated April 2, 1792. As stated above, the matter of a monetary system had been discussed under the Confederation. In 1784—eight years before—Thomas Jefferson wrote concerning the matter. **At that time all legal tender laws had been repealed, and Jefferson could see clearly that the value of coin depends upon the market value of the silver or gold of which it is composed, and not upon law. Mr. Jefferson said:**

The proportion between the values of gold and silver is a mercantile problem altogether. . . . The legal proportion in Spain is 16 for 1; in England, 15 1-2 for 1; in France, 15 for 1. The Spaniards and English are found, in experience, to retain an over-proportion of gold coins, and to lose their silver. The French have a great proportion of silver. . . . Just principles will lead us to disregard the legal proportions altogether; to inquire into the market price of gold in the several countries with which we shall principally be connected in commerce, and to take an average from them. Perhaps we might, with safety, lean to a proportion somewhat above par for gold, considering our neighborhood.

The question was, at this time, as will be seen, at what ratio to establish a bimetallic coinage system.

Alexander Hamilton, the secretary of the treasury, devoted much attention to the problem of a new monetary system, and on May 5, 1791, made a "Report on the Establishment of a Mint," which contained suggestions afterward incorporated into the coinage law of the next year. He said in this report:

As long as gold, either from its intrinsic superiority as a metal, from its rarity, or from the prejudices of mankind, retains so considerable a pre-eminence in value over silver as it has hitherto had, a natural consequence will be more stationary. The revolutions, therefore, which may take place in the comparative value of gold and silver will be changed in the state of the latter rather than that of the former.

Robert Morris had argued in favor of a silver standard, and Hamilton went on, in his report, to discuss the point. He said that to adopt a single silver standard would act "to abridge the quantity of the circulating medium." Then, when he proceeded to ascertain what should be the weights of the coins, he gave his reasons why they should be in the ratio of 15 to 1. He said:

That species of coin (i. e. Spanish silver dollars) has never had any settled or standard value, according to weight or fineness, but has been permitted to circulate by tale, without regard to either, very much as a mere money of convenience, while gold has had a fixed price by weight, and with an eye to its fineness. This greater stability of value of the gold coins is an argument of force, for regarding the money unit as having been hitherto virtually attached to gold rather than to silver. Twenty-four grains and six-eighths of a grain of fine gold have corresponded with the nominal value of the (silver) dollar in the several states, without regard to the successive diminutions of its intrinsic worth.

The act of coining, in those days, was very crude compared with the present, and the Spanish milled dollars varied in weight with the different issues. Some of those in circulation contained 374 grains of pure silver, and the latest issues only 368 grains. Consequently, the ratio of 15 to 1 having been chosen, since 24 3-4 grains of gold was the equivalent of a dollar, 15 times 24 3-4 would fix the number of grains in the silver dollar, or 371 1-4. That is, no silver dollar existed at that time containing 371 1-4 grains which could be adopted as a unit, but it was created by starting from the recognized unit of 24 3-4 grains of gold.

The law was built upon the recommendations of Hamilton's report, which concluded as follows—and this was embodied in the law by Congress:

That the unit in the coins of the United States ought to correspond with 24 grains and ¾ of a grain of pure gold, and with 371 grains and ¼ of a grain of pure silver, each answering to a dollar in the money of account.

Elsewhere in the same report he effectually settles Coin's argument in the negative. Hamilton said in that report—and the citation is from the "Works of Alexander Hamilton," volume 3, page 156:

If each of them (gold and silver) be as valid as the other in payments to any amount, it is not obvious in what effectual sense either of them can be deemed the money unit rather than the other. If the general declaration that the dollar shall be the money unit of the United States could be understood to give it a superior legality in payments, the institution of coins of gold, and the declaration that each of them shall be equal to a certain number of dollars, would appear to destroy the inference; and the circumstances of making the dollar the unit in the money of account seems to be rather matter of form than of substance.

Mr. Hamilton evidently asked Thomas Jefferson to examine the report and express his judgment on it, because, in February, 1792, or two months before the passage of the act under discussion, Jefferson wrote to Hamilton: "I return you the report on the mint, which I have read over with a great deal of satisfaction. I concur with you in thinking that the unit must stand on both metals; that the alloy should be the same in both, also in the proportion you establish between the value of the two metals."

Now, let us see what Congress really did, reading the act in the light thrown upon it by Hamilton's report.

First—It established the unit, and called that unit the dollar.

Second—It defined, in the law, the value of that dollar as being either 24 3-4 grains of pure gold, or 371 1-4 grains of pure silver.

Third—It held that these amounts of gold and silver respectively were of equal value. That is, the aim was to establish full bimetallism. The blackboard cut given herewith is what Coin should have shown his pupils.

But, suppose Coin's contention were absolutely true, what difference would it make? Countries change their monetary standards, and the ratio very often. Is it a valid argument to say that because the First Congress did a certain thing no succeeding Congress should change it?

Because the First Congress passed a law providing for the purchase of flint-lock muskets for the regular army, shall we not avail ourselves of the newer and far better modern arms?

It really matters not whether gold or silver, or both, were made the unit in 1792. The question of changing it is one to be decided by the circumstances existing at the time, not by what was done a century ago. Hence, this part of Coin's argument is of no value to his contention, anyhow.

We shall now take up Coin's second contention—the coinage act of 1873.

If there is any flaw in the argument given above, or in any succeeding number of this series, or if there is any misstatement of fact, we desire our readers to write and point them out.

Let us discuss this matter honestly. The Blade has no end to serve but the best interests of the people of the United States.

CARE OF HOUSE PLANTS.

TREATMENT REQUIRED FOR FAN LEAF AND COCOANUT PALMS.

They Are Both Much Used for Hall and Stoop Decoration.

Probably the graceful palm is used more extensively for hall and stoop decoration than any other plant, and as they are comparatively easy to keep and last for a number of years, good specimens are eagerly sought after. The fan leaf palm, or, botanically speaking, Latinia Barbonicea, makes a very attractive ornament for the hall. It is a native of Central America and China, and, like all members of the palm family, requires to be kept very clean. It should be kept in the shade, although a little sun occasionally will do it good and harden it. Too much sun turns the leaves brown.

The treatment of the fan leaf palm is very simple, as they do not need repotting more than once every year or two, according to the size. They are raised from seedlings, and some of the large specimens grow as high as twenty to thirty feet. It takes many years for them to attain this size, as they are a very slow growing plant.

FAN LEAF PALM.

The fan leaf will stand extremes, both of hot and cold, better than any other palm, but it always likes to have a moist atmosphere. In winter they do not grow very much, and need but little water, once every other day being sufficient. In the winter the temperature should be from 60 to 70 degrees, and in summer from 80 to 90, when they should be watered twice a day.

If a plant becomes pot-bound—that is, if the root becomes too large for the pot—it should be repotted in a larger sized pot, and fed with cow or sheep manure. This also has a tendency to darken the foliage.

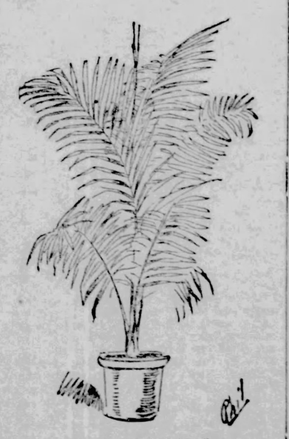
The chief pests that bother these palms are the scale and mealy bugs, but the plants are easily kept clean by constant syringing. If they become very dirty with the insects they can be removed by using a mixture of soft or fir tree oil mixed with a gallon of water. Wash both leaves and stem with this, using a sponge or a smooth brush for the mealy bug.

The Cocos Weddelliana, one of the species of the cocoanut palm, is the finest and most graceful palm grown. Its long plume-like pinnate leaves resembling the tail feathers of a bird of paradise.

This palm, which is a native of Brazil, certain parts of Central America and Northern Africa, is much used for hall and stoop decoration, as well as when small, forming a handsome center piece for a dining table, placed in a jardiniere and surrounded by small ferns. This beautiful plant has been known to grow as high as twenty-five and fourteen feet, but they are seldom seen in this part of the country with a stem over five or six feet high. It requires a very open and sandy soil and should be watered abundantly.

Care should be taken to see that the water runs right through the pot, and not allowed to settle. If it does the roots will begin to decay and the tips of the leaves turn brown, and as they wears on the plant will completely die.

As far as insects are concerned, this palm is troubled in the same way as the fan leaf, and should be similarly treated. It should be kept in an even temperature both winter and summer of about 70 degrees. It should never be allowed to become dry, and it has no period of rest, growing slowly all the time. A new pot for this plant is seldom required, as they do not make many roots, and it is a bad thing to overpot them.



COCOANUT PALM.

Like all other palms, the cocoanut palm likes the shade, but at the same time it can stand a little sun. If it is placed out on the stoop, great care should be taken to see that the leaves are perfectly dry, for should the sun shine on a wet spot it will burn through, leaving a brown mark on the leaf.

The palms require no trimming at all, says the New York Mercury.

A Good Appetite

Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of something wrong. The loss of a rational desire for food is soon followed by lack of strength, for when the supply of fuel is cut off the fire burns low. The system gets into a low state and is liable to severe attacks of disease. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its great merits in restoring and sharpening the appetite, in promoting healthy action of the digestive organs, and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine. Those who have never used Hood's Sarsaparilla should surely do so this season.

A Duel to the Death.

Some Frenchmen were boasting of their "affairs of honor," when one of them, a Marseillais, declared that he had inflicted upon an antagonist the most dreadful fate that a duellist had ever met. "How was it?" asked everybody. "I was at a hotel, and I chanced to insult a total stranger. It turned out that he was a fencing master. 'One or the other of us,' he declared, in a fearful wrath, 'will not go out of this room alive!' 'So let it be!' I shouted in response; and then I rushed out of the room, locked the door behind me, and left him there to die!"—The Argonaut.

Doing the Best He Could.

Hopper—Is the baby getting old enough to entertain himself?

Popper—No; but he rolled out of bed, broke a window and fell down stairs to-day, and we are feeling much encouraged.—St. Louis Republic.

BEAUTIFUL FORMOSA.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT JAPAN'S RECENT ACQUISITION.

THE "SKULL CHAMBERS" OF THE NATIVES IN THE MOUNTAINS.

An Island Half as Large as New England, and Its Queer People.

Naval officers and diplomats at Washington are especially interested in the effort which Japan is making to get possession of the Island of Formosa, as a part of the result of her victory over China. They consider it a very shrewd move, and as showing how far seeing these "Yankees of the Orient" are. Formosa is the most southerly of a long range of islands stretching southwardly from Japan, parallel with the coast of China. Gradually, and very quietly, Japan has for years been extending her influence and ownership along this range of islands, which command the seacoast of her ancient enemy, China, and now she has taken as a prize of war, the most important of them all, Formosa, controlling the most of the northern range of these islands already, it will be easy for her, if she obtains this one, to gather in the remainder, and thus command, to a large degree at least, the sea front of China, and be in position to menace her most important ports.

NATIVES OF FORMOSA

Formosa, although spoken of as an island, is as large as Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, and has almost as large a population as they have. Probably the man who would add that the population was of equal intelligence, would not be safe in New England, and it must be admitted that as a whole the people of Formosa are a little behind the latest developments in cultured Yankee land. For instance, when a Formosan wants to make a trip to the neighboring village or to see his best girl, or otherwise, he does not travel by railway, or trolley or carriage, but quietly saddles and bridles his ox, and makes the trip in a style that would be at least novel in this country. Horses are an almost unknown luxury in Formosa, especially in the eastern part of the island, where the natives still hold sway.

It is about 400 years since Europeans became aware of the existence of Formosa, and those intrepid navigators, the Portuguese, gave it the name "Ilha Formosa," which is translated to mean "Beautiful Island." Since that time it has been called by the Chinese "Tulwen," which means "Terraced Harbor," by the natives "Kuboska" and "Gadliva," by Europeans, "Formosa," and also is often spoken of as "the granary of China," because of its fertility and large production of wheat, corn, rice and many other articles of food, which it supplies to the mainland in enormous quantities, taking in exchange the manufactures of the people of China.

Formosa may become, if Japan gets possession of it, an interesting spot to American tourists. Visits to Japan with Japanese steamers plying between Tokio, Japan, and Tamsui, Formosa, those Americans who want to enjoy the luxury of riding upon oxen, listening to singing fish, making the acquaintance of monkeys in their native forests, sleeping in "skull chambers" to tone up their fighting qualities, or making their own supply of camphor gum, will find that visit to Formosa pleasant.

As already indicated, ox riding is the popular method of traveling there, singing fishes are found in the rivers, as are also flying fishes, the making of camphor is an important industry, and the natives of the eastern part of the island all have their "skull chambers" attached to their houses, where they display the skulls of all the Chinese that they and their ancestors have killed, and in which their young men sleep in order to tone up their nerves and make them valiant in battle.

There has been, for generations, a constant hostility between the natives who are of the Malay type, and the Chinese, who have for 250 years lorded it over them as best they could. The warfare has been very bitter, and it is said that the Chinese even went so far as to transport tigers from the mainland and turn them loose in the woods of the island in order to reduce the number of natives. As they grew more thoughtful and expert in the ways of "civilization," however, these cunning Chinese substituted a cheaper and more deadly destroyer, and one much more easily introduced—brandy. The natives are gradually succumbing to it, in combination with opium, and although they still retain control of the eastern portion of the island, are not troublesome, especially as the section which they occupy is of little value.

A long range of mountains runs the entire distance of 400 miles which the island stretches from north to south. The eastern slopes are rugged, steep, picturesque in their tropical products, and a good retreat for the natives, whom the Chinese have thus far been unable to dislodge. The western slope from which the mainland of China is only 90 miles distant, is fertile, and produces wonderful crops of rice, wheat, corn, barley, millet, tea, sugar, indigo, peanuts, jute, hemp and many other articles. So it has been peopled by Chinese, who have come over from the quiet agricultural provinces of Fokien and Swatow, just across the channel on the mainland, and they have brought their customs and dress and style of houses and ways of living with them. They are Chinese in appearance, though some of them intermingle and intermarry with the natives, and adopt some of their customs; while the people east of the mountains cling to their Malay habits and dress, in part at least, wearing a scanty costume of blue cloth, staining their teeth red with the betel nut, burying their dead on the very spot where they expire, ornamenting their chamber with the skulls of the slaughtered enemies, but gradually giving way to the inroads of the Chinese, either by being killed off in war or with brandy and opium, or by intermarrying with them and adopting in part their dress and methods.

The illustrations show graphically the various classes of people now inhabiting Formosa. No. 1 is a group of

A SWATOW FORMOSAN.

lated the western part of the island. No. 4 is a type of the Swatow people, who have also aided largely in making up the Chinese population in the island.

Japan, if she gets Formosa, will control the camphor trade of the world. Formosa has been for years the chief source of camphor supply, though of late years a good deal has been made in Japan. Outside of these the only supply of camphor in the world is that of Borneo and Sumatra, where it is obtained by splitting the trees and extracting the gum from cracks and fissures in the trunks and branches. In Japan and Formosa, however, it is produced by boiling the wood of the camphor tree and obtaining the gum by distillation.

FO KIEN FORMOSANS.

A PEPO-HOAN FORMOSAN.

His Nerve Right With Him.

But He Couldn't Carry Off the Blue With His Sweetheart's Sister.

A young man who considers himself a man of resources was once in the act of pressing a young lady to his manly bosom when the young lady's sister entered the room.

Of course he desisted at once, but he was not embarrassed. The young lady's sister said "Excuse me," and started to leave the room, when he felt that he ought to say something, and say it right away.

"Don't go," he said, "we've just been measuring to see which is the taller." She paused in the doorway and looked at them both intently.

"You're both about the same height," she said, quietly, "but sister is much the redder." Then she went out.—Chicago Post.

Mistaken Identity.

Humorist—You didn't print that joke I sent to you yesterday.

Editor—Joke? Why, I sent that over to the drug store, thinking that it was a prescription for insomnia.—Syracuse Post.

An Unkind Remark.

Mr. Murray Hill—Allow me to congratulate you on your marriage. Your wife is certainly a most charming lady.

Mr. Uglymug—Yes, and she is as amiable as she is lovely. And she is so considerate. She's willing to put up with almost anything.

Mr. Murray Hill—Yes, I knew that when I heard that she had married you.—Texas Siftings.

Hereditary Influence.

When your baby to walk will first begin,
You'll find he takes after you, rather,
If you teach him yourself to follow in
The
Footsteps
Of
His
Father!
—Puck.

Exchange of Courtesies.

Little Miss Hubb—If you come to see me I'll take you to Cambridge and show you our old homestead.

Little Miss Gotham—That will be nice. And if you visit me I'll take you a cemetery and show you the grave of the janitor of the first flat we ever lived in.—Good News.

Not Competent to Judge.

Miss Chatter—What fool-killers cigarettes are. Don't you think so, Mr. Noodleby?

Mr. Noodleby—Really, I couldn't say, Miss Chatter. I never smoked one in my life, don'cherknow.—Life.

$1.00 WHEAT

Wheat is Advancing From Day to Day, and Now is the time to Buy.

The Chinch Bug and Hessian Fly, Drouth, Hot Wind, Heavy Frosts and Light Supplies make Wheat Cheap at $1. There is no money to be made by standing still and looking at a great cereal sell from 1 to 5 cents higher each day and not have a trade on the market.

We strongly advise the purchase of wheat at the present prices, on a margin of not less than 4 cents, double your purchases as your profits will justify it on a safe margin, and the chances are that large profits will ere long be taken on the investment.

We had many customers who made from $1,000 to $5,000 in this way on investments of from $100 to $200 during last month.

THERE IS NO MONEY TO BE MADE WATCHING THIS MARKET ADVANCE FROM DAY TO DAY. Buy wheat at once. Send your order to us by wire, have your bank wire us the amount of money deposited to our credit, and we will at once place the order on receipt of your telegram. Write you at that price the same was purchased.

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OLD FAVORITES.

Published by request.

OVER THE HILLS TO THE POOR HOUSE.

What? no! can it be they've driven
Their father, so helpless and old
(Oh, God! may their crime be forgiven),
And the days of my youth have gone by,
Over the hills to the poorhouse
I wandered alone, there to die.

Ah, me! on that old doorstep yonder
I've sat with my babes on my knee,
No father was happier or fonder
Than I with my little ones three;
The boys both so rosy and chubby,
And Lillie with prattle so sweet!
God knows how their father has loved them,
But they've driven him out in the street.

It's long years since my Mary was taken,
My faithful and affectionate wife;
Since then I'm forlorn and forsaken,
And the light has died out of my life.
The boys grew up to manhood; I gave them
A deed for the farm, aye, and more,
I gave them the house they were born in,
And now I'm turned out from its door.

Oh! children, loved children, yet hear me;
I have journeyed along on life's stage,
With hope that you would all be with me
To comfort and cheer my old age;
My life-blood I'd gladly have given
To withhold and avert the fatal dart,
Though my heart breaks, I'll say it, you've driven
Me out here to die in the dark.

But perhaps they'll live happier without me,
Farewell, dear old home, ah! farewell!
Each pathway and tree here about me
Some memory precious can tell.
Well, the flowers will bloom as bright as ever,
And the birds will sing as sweet as morn,
When over the hills to the poor-house
Next spring the old man shall be borne.

Published by request.

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will;
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.
—Wordsworth.

"THE DYING CALIFORNIAN."

The carelessness of the person who sent us the copy for "The Dying Californian" in the

NOT FOR OURSELVES ALONE.

Not for ourselves alone!
The universal tone
Of Nature thus our poor self-seeking chideth.
There lives no bloom that in sweet chalice hideth
Her scent, no star but his wan gleam divideth
With leaf and wayside stone.
Not for ourselves alone!

Not for ourselves alone!
Beneath God's burning throne
The ethereal soul was clothed with form and feeling
To work some earthly task of cheer or healing,
Strike out some spark of noble deeds, revealing
The flame whence all are blown.
Not for ourselves alone!

Not for ourselves alone!
The seeds our hands have sown
Shall yield their harvest to a younger reaper.
We battle, heirs of many a church-yard sleeper,
For scions to come, whose sworded thoughts strike deeper
Than any we have known
Not for ourselves alone!

Not for ourselves alone!
O spirit, overgrown
With tangled wrongs and strange confusions bruising
The wings of thy first faith, take courage, losing
Thyself to find thyself, in patience choosing
This watchword as thine own,—
Not for ourselves alone!
—Selected.

HOME TALKS.

BROOK FARM EFFORT TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM OF RIGHT LIVING.

An Interesting Social Experiment Which Left Lasting and Important Effects.

The problem of right living!

Brook farm was an attempt to solve this problem, and looking back at it from this distance it grows in interest and importance. That those who entered as leaders into the attempted solution were thoroughly in earnest in their effort; that they were, in the main, men and women who had thought deeply upon the way to so adjust social conditions as to bring harmony out of discord, order out of chaos, they who have followed the history of the movement cannot doubt. To-day, when this problem is pressing more and more heavily upon both nation and individuals, because of the greater complications arising from growth in wealth and increase of poverty, actual if contrary conditions, Brook Farm acquires a greater importance than it has possessed hitherto, and a picture of the actual every-day life of those whose home was there becomes real and absorbing.

Most of those who had to do with its early days have passed away. The records, though scattered through many works, are yet broken and incomplete, so that the book recently published by The Arena Company, of Boston, which is the Historic and Personal Memoirs of Brook Farm, is of more than ordinary value. Its author, John Thomas Codman, was one of the young men to whom the principles animating the founders in this experiment appealed so strongly as to lead him to identify himself with them. He lived there, worked there, and enjoyed each day as it passed to the utmost, and the reader cannot fail to see that he has written from the heart. Of himself he says:

"I loved the daily round of life. All were kind to me. I was well mentally and physically. I was in the bud of youth. I was like the pink rhodoros in spring, callow of leaf or fruit but brightly covered with promising blossoms. There remained one thing for me—to know I was happy. Did I know it? Yes, I did. I realized it then as now. I was not a victim of unconscious joy, to awaken to it at some future period. It was not to me a dream. The cup was full! I was truly happy!" And as we read his glowing descriptions of this life lived so close to the heart of nature, we can readily understand whence came the happiness.

Mr. Codman first sketches the thought condition in New England at the time of this social experiment. It was one which prevails more or less everywhere in the United States in those later days, but then was confined to a limited area in the East. Among the liberal minded, the educated, and the thinkers, had risen a revolt against the "morbid theology" which held in check the humanitarian spirit, "that embodied itself in ideals that were greater than the existing creeds." It was not that the religious spirit was dying out, but that it sought a broader basis for expression. "The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man became the themes of discourse, oftener than those of the vengeance of an offended Deity; and pity and forgiveness, oftener than those on everlasting punishment."

This advanced thought finally led to the forming of the famous Transcendental Club, in which was discussed the need of religious, social and governmental reformation. All were agreed that the world needed bettering, but few were agreed upon the way in which it would best be accomplished.

Out of the club finally emerged the Brook Farm experiment. Its leader was a Unitarian minister, Rev. George Ripley, a man whose whole being was alive to the needs of his fellows. Mr. Codman shows his character to us in a few vigorous words: "Above all things his head and heart sought righteousness for all men. He believed in the justice of God and the divine nature of man, his best creation. He believed man to be involved in an intricate and un-Christian social labyrinth, and with deep earnestness of purpose and thorough convictions of his personal duty in the case, set himself at work to evolve a way to extricate at least some of humanity from their vicious surroundings, and finally proposed to the club a plan which he urged with his customary vigor and eloquence." Mr. Ripley had no sympathy with the idea of the innate depravity of man as taught by the theologians. He believed that in human nature is an intuitive faculty that enabled spritual truth to be discerned without waiting for special grace proved by miracles.

One cannot help wondering how thought passed to such freedom in a Puritan land and among the descendants of the Puritans; how under such repressions it reached to an understanding of the right of every human soul to individual growth and expression in its own way. That it did so, we know, and also that because of it came one of the most remarkable attempts ever made to show a method by which a better life might be accomplished here on this earth. "In his soul, penetrated by divine aspirations, Mr. Ripley heard these words ringing out: 'A truer life, a more honest life, a juster life—accomplish it!'

Such was the motive that animated Mr. Ripley and his associates. That the time was not yet ripe for such a movement, inasmuch as it failed, does not militate against the fact that it had its root in the highest motives that can animate the human heart—an endeavor to help struggling humanity up to a higher plane. And yet why call it a failure? Who can tell how much of the loftier thought leading to the keener appreciation of man's duty to his brother man which is rife today; of the greater toleration of mental differences; of the growth of the conviction that faith does not stand above works, owes its existence to the seeds sown at Brook Farm?

Mr. Codman's description of the life led there is very interesting. He tells of his own impressions the morning after his arrival. "I found," he writes, "that all the people, unless ill, took their meals at the farm-house dining room. A little quaintness of dress, some picturesque costumes—such as the blue tunics with black belts of leather ,that the men wore; the full beards ,that were not common then as now; the broad hats and graceful, flowing hair of the young ladies; the varied and graceful style of garments of the students and boarders all interested me. The long, low dining room had rows of tables, some six in number, seating on an average fourteen persons each. White painted benches supplied the place of chairs. The tables were neatly set in white ware; white mugs served for both cups and drinking glasses. There were white linen table cloths and everything was scrupulously neat." Then follows a glowing description of those he saw there and of the happy life they led.

It was an idyllic existence founded upon the everlasting law of unity in all life, and upon the absolute harmony which should exist in all nature. It differed from other communities in its greater freedom, in its expansive ideas, in its belief in individual liberty. And those ideas were carried out, with the result of showing the possibilities or happiness under right conditions.

I lingered so pleasantly over Mr. Codman's Reminiscences in the reading that my pen moves with corresponding slowness towards the closing of this article. Nor can I think, without a pang, of the breaking up of Brook Farm, of the scattering of those earnest people whose thought was so far in advance of their time. And yet not so far either as its leavening influence has done much towards helping the world to think better and clearer of life to-day. They were looked upon as iconoclasts and impossible reformers then. Now there is a clearer understanding of what they were trying to accomplish. As William Henry Channing wrote in The Harbinger, a paper edited and published by the Brook Farmers: "No man yet upon earth ever boldly aspired and faithfully obeyed his clear convictions of good without transmitting through his race an all but omnipotent energy. Winds waft, streams scatter, birds of the air carry in their beaks, each seed that drops in ripeness from the tree of life. The failures of man have been from infidelity to his faith. Infinitely grander consequences than the doer could estimate have followed every executed purpose of heroism and humanity and holy hope."

Brook Farm served a grand purpose, even though it has seemed to utterly pass away.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

OUR HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

About Memorial Day Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-Five.

Sitting at my window I see the soldier boys passing on their way to the cemeteries, carrying beautiful flowers to cover the last resting places of those who gave their services, and some of them their lives, for their country. I see women laden with fragrant offerings of love, in memory of those whom they gave to the nation in its time of need; and I see the school children who are taught the love of their country as one of the most important things to be learned, eagerly following the soldiers, to witness this yearly repeated object lesson of gratitude and hearty service. I hear the bands of music sending forth those airs that cheered and inspired the boys in blue to do such deeds of valor, thirty odd years ago, as won for them undying fame, and seeing and hearing these things, one cannot but feel patriotic and thankful to those who won for us the peace we now enjoy.

Among those we so honor, we must remember our women, for, though she might not march in the ranks and carry a gun (some did even that), woman had a very important part in the war of the rebellion. No less an authority than Abraham Lincoln said that "without the help of the women the rebellion would never have been put down, nor the country saved." The woman had to send off her husband and, though her heart was breaking, she must not let him see aught but a smile of encouragement; she must care for the home and the family and never tell him of her trials, lest it might add to his cares; she must wait for news, when waiting was the hardest of all things to do, and when the end of such waiting was the knowledge that, from henceforth, she must continue her care alone, without the hope of again seeing the beloved one. How bravely these women took up the heavy cross thus laid upon them, and how patiently they carried it till it was lifted from their shoulders by the Merciful One. I think these should be remembered when the children are taught to honor and reverence the brave.

TO THE HOUSEHOLD MEMBERS.

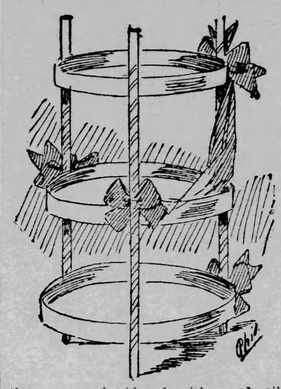
The editor of the Household has long had it in her mind to ask the members who show such good thought in so many directions what their opinion is of the killing of inoffensive birds to obtain articles of personal adornment. Is there any law of right by which such killing can be squared? Have we a duty in the matter, and what is it? How should we, as individuals, regard all living creatures? The editor is anxious to hear generally from the members and to the one who will give the best answers to the above questions, she will send a copy of The Story of Christine Rochefort, by Helen Choate Prince, a most interesting story, prettily bound. If there are any who read this who do not belong to the Household, but desire to write about this matter, let them subscribe for the Blade and become members.

SOME PRETTY ARTICLES.

Described for the Benefit of the Household's Fancy Workers.

Corner Stand.

This will serve to contain music, summer reading, a bit of fancy work, newspapers, or light bric-a-brac, and is constructed from three broom-sticks, the covers of three sugar or cheese boxes, seven yards of two-inch ribbon, one piece of narrow ribbon, enough white linen crash to make mats for the three sections, stamped for embroidering, and linen or silk floss for working them. The broom-sticks are painted with white enamel and fastened to the edge of the covers with fine wire through holes bored for that purpose. The rims of the covers are also enameled and decorated on the outside with decalcomanie, or, if you are artist enough, with tiny painted designs. The sticks are wound diagonally from top to bottom with the narrow ribbon, while the two-inch ribbon is used to decorate the stand as shown in the illustration. The mats are cut to exactly fit in the sections, and bound with narrow white or colored tape. As



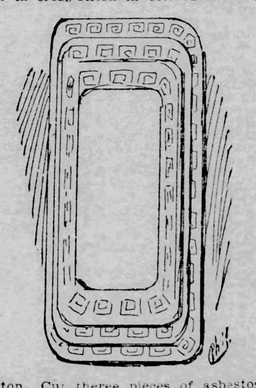
they are embroidered with wash silk or floss, they can be removed and washed when they become soiled.—Aunt Betty.

Pretty Summer Drape.

A pretty summer scarf for a chair back is made from bolting cloth and ribbon. The threads of the bolting cloth are drawn for the depth of half an inch across the end, and some distance above the edge; through the threads then left, a bright ribbon is woven. Leaving a space of half an inch, the threads are drawn as before, and a ribbon of some contrasting color used. This is repeated eight or nine times, the ribbons being fastened in place by a bow at each end, or else allowed to extend several inches at each end and lightly tacked in place by a stitch on the under side. The scarf is finished by a frill of fine, delicate lace on its lower edge.—A. R. R.

Table Mats.

From heavy white or ecru duck, cut out three mats, being respectively 11 by 7 1-2 inches, 10 by 6 1-2 inches, and 9 by 5 1-2 inches in size, round the corners slightly and bind with tape. Outline the Grecian key pattern around the edge with very narrow braid, or if preferred work it or any narrow border in cross-stitch in colored working



cotton. Cut theree pieces of asbestos cloth the same size and shape as the mats; tack them together with strong stitches, short on one side, long on the other. Remove the linen for laundering. If oval mats are preferred the sizes should be 12 by 8 1-2; 9 1-4 by 7, and 8 1-2 by 6 at the longest and widest points of the oval.—Mollie Bawn.

Panel of Snow Balls.

Take one sheet white tissue paper, cut in squares 3 inches by the same, fold 4 times, cut the edge in three scallops, open it, you will have a circular piece surrounded with long, narrow scallops. Twist each one of these near the end, which will leave a round piece size of finger nail. Make ten circles, push one wire through the center of each, bunch all together. It will round up into a very natural looking snow-ball. Place three on a panel.—G. R. P.

Glove Case.

A handsome glove case, fifteen inches long and six inches wide, has its upper part of chamois skin, two-thirds of the surface made into openwork by cutting out with a sharp knife little triangular and odd-shaped pieces, as shown in the illustration. Each opening is bordered with a line of gilding and then with a narrow painted pink band. The word "Gloves" is lettered

with pink on one end of the case and the two ends are cut into fringe to the depth of one inch and three-quarters, each strand being one-quarter of an inch wide and showing on the bottom the line of gold and the painted pink band. The chamois portion is then lined with pink silk, which shows through all the openings; the bottom of the case is also of pink silk laid over sheet cotton, on which heliotrope sachet powder is plentifully sprinkled, and is caught down in irregular tufts or else quilted. A puff of the silk finishes the edges.—H. B.

Photograph Holder.

Take a Japanese open fan, cut out a circle, or square opening, in any part of the fan. Cover the fan with silk, satin or velvet (cretonne looks well) cut and pull through opening. Now make of card board another fan, just the size of one covered; cover with silesia, overhand the edges together, leaving a space at the top, to put photographs through. Sew on the edge of fan, also edge of photograph opening, chenille or cord; tie a ribbon bow on the handle, sew two small rings on back to hang up with.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

The True Kindness Due to the Children of the Family.

Mistaken Kindness.

Many mothers make their boys' lives miserable through mistaken kindness. If the boy wishes to go swimming she says, "No, darling; for if you should get drowned mother would have no dear little son to love her." When he is a little older and wants a gun she denies him that greatest of all possessions, so dear to a boy's heart, lest he kill himself or some one else. So the boy runs away for the swim; throws stones at the birds because he must do something; and worse than all, he thinks his mother is a hard-hearted woman whose greatest pleasure is to deny him every pleasure that other boys have, and to treat him so the other boys will call him a "baby" and "Mollie," and say, "He can't go anywhere beyond the length of his mother's apron string."

Tell your boys of the danger of these amusements, and teach them to be careful, but do not deprive them of those things which are so dear to all children, and you will find that they will be better boys, and as for the danger from such a thing, it is no more than will come, in some way, to the boy who always stays at home.—K. T.

"As the Twig is Bent"—

How parents can allow their children to ill-treat the little animals they play with is more than I can understand. If I were simply making a plea for the dumb pets of a household I might write, and write for they are great friends of mine. Mother, your child is in a school, the great school of life; do you want him well taught, or don't you care? "Oh," you say, "you are making much ado about a little animal." Is your child the "little animal" you refer to? Is it nothing whether your child grows up cruel or kind in disposition, overbearing or gentle, bad or good? His character is forming in the nursery, and from just the materials of his surroundings and teachings. Your child very soon learns what hurts him physically; is not his mind as much as his body? Then teach him the little things that hurt him morally.

A child can have lots of fun with pussy if he goes about it in the right way, but if not he gets scratches and a bad temper, and the bad temper, if pampered, will affect him long, long after the scratches are gone.

Parents are horrified when they find their child has, in some way, learned to lie, or swear, and they hasten to correct the wrong. Yet they see him practicing cruelty on their little dumb playfellows and think nothing of it. There is too little importance placed upon these things of the nursery days. Perhaps the cruelty allowed the child toward the animals he plays with is the foundation of a character cruel enough to commit murder. O, that is so atrocious an idea that some one laughs. If in the alphabet your child studies he learned to call "m" an "n," he would find in after life that it greatly interfered with correct reading. If in the alphabet of his living he learned to call cruelty fun, he would find in after life that it greatly interfered with a truly noble and correct character.

Teach the children kindness and gentleness and to study the nature of the dumb brutes, and you have taught them a lesson that will do them good all their lives, and they will have the "love and friendship" of all animals that they will, in after life, keep about them.—K. H.

An Easily Obtained Remedy.

In answer to an inquiry in The Blade for a cure for consumption, I will give my experience with that disease.

Two years ago I had several hemorrhages of the lungs, which left me in a bad condition, and I contracted a violent cough. After trying every remedy that a good physician would recommend, I grew worse daily, so I dismissed the medicine and physician, and took my case in my own hands. I first used hot applications on my chest, which gave me instant relief, and I still keep it up; I then drank mullein tea every night, also smoked the leaves, inhaling the smoke. I exercised daily, by rowing, swinging my arms back and forth, carrying myself erect, not allowing myself to stoop over, which is very injurious to weak lungs.

As to diet, I eat nothing that is indigestible—Graham bread, oatmeal, chicken and other light food is what I live on. By following these rules, and not exposing myself to night air I have improved gradually, but surely, though I had every symptom of the dreaded disease. In case of night sweats drink cold sage tea before going to bed. Let strong medicine alone—it will do no good. I hope this will benefit some one.—Nannie Sarg.

Is It Right to be Too Strict?

I have a question to ask the mothers, and fathers, too, who read the Household. A young girl of my acquaintance recently asked permission of her parents to accompany some of her school friends to a picnic. She was refused on the ground that there was no use of her going, she saw her friends every day, had plenty of exercise and pleasure, and if she should go some accident might happen to her. Instead of this, she was allowed to visit a neighbor who was not expecting to attend the picnic. When the two girls were together they thought so much of the fun there would be in surprising the picnickers that they drove over to the grounds that afternoon, intending to stay but a few moments. They staid longer than they thought to, and in driving home in the evening their horse became frightened and ran away, throwing both girls to the ground, and instantly killing the girl who had been refused permission to attend the picnic lest some accident might happen.

Now, the question I wish to ask is, is it of any use to deny children the innocent pleasures of their lives for fear of accidents, or is it just the thing for parents to judge that there is no use, no need, of their doing these things, just because they do not seem necessary to older people? That is, should not parents put themselves in the children's place before they deny them innocent amusements, thus driving them to seek them unknown to their parents, or else lose all that is a pleasure to them?—Carrie McD.

What Shall They Do.

Dear Household Friends—Please send an answer to "Widow" as to what we can do to keep the children busy and happy during the long vacation. Many of us who are not widows, but who have the whole care and responsibility of our children quite as much as if we were, will be glad to know what to do. I have two boys, 12 and 10 years of age respectively, while my girls are 8, 6 and 4 years old. The girls I can keep happy by teaching them to sew and letting them "help keep house;" even the baby can be taught to pick up the threads and scraps from the carpet, but the boys I do not know what to do with. They cannot find any work to do suitable to their age and strength, and they must be kept amused in some way.—Anxious Mother.

HOUSEHOLD QUESTION BOX.

Some Inquiries and Several Answers to Questions.

Minnie Kay:—Thank you for your kind words. Your manuscript was very comforting to a compositor, it was so clearly written and correctly spelled and punctuated. Come again with something original.—Ed.

J. S. G.:—If you can see the Daily Blade you will often see requests for what you mention. If not, why not put your "want" in the Weekly Blade? It would cost but little, and would be read by the large number of people who read the paper, some of whom may be looking for just that opportunity.—Ed.

Miss Sallie Stevens:—Your inquiry will receive immediate attention if you write to the secretary "Daughters of the Revolution," 1416 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C.—Ed.

Inquiries.

How can cucumbers or pickles be put up so that they will remain firm and solid?—G. T.

Will some one send poem entitled "The Last Hymn?" The first lines are:

The Sabbath day was ending,
In a village by the sea?
—Mae Hawkins.

Will some one send the poem that begins like this:

"Come, girls get up, 'tis morning.
The clock is striking four,
Your father wants his breakfast,
I have called you once before.
—Elsie Smith.

Is "Marie Corelli" the true name of the author of "A Romance of Two worlds?" if not can any one tell me what her name is?—Mrs. M. B. L.

THE COOK'S DEPARTMENT.

Some Recipes for Present Use and Some for a Later Season.

Some easily prepared dishes for supper or luncheon are given this week, all contributed by tried and true cooks who have learned by long experience how to prepare appetizing food with as little trouble as possible, a fact which will commend them to all housekeepers, during the heated term.

Columbus Centennial Eggs.

Boil hard as many eggs as you need, place them in cold water for 1-2 hour. Remove the shells and cut them in two, crosswise. Cut a small piece off from each end so they will stand up, like the famous Columbus egg (and this is why you call them by this name), remove the yolks, and mix with finely minced chicken, or lean ham, moistening with butter and seasoning to taste. With this mixture fill the whites of the eggs and place two halves together. Serve on a platter garnished with lettuce or parsely.

Bread Omelet.

Soak 1 cupful of bread crumbs in 1-2 cupful of sweet milk; mix very smooth and add 5 well-beaten eggs and 1-2 teaspoonful of salt. Pour the mixture into a buttered dish, bake about 10 minutes and serve in the same dish, immediately, as it soon falls.

Cheese Custards.

Heat 1 cupful of milk, into which 1 teaspoonful of corn starch has been stirred till smooth. Beat till very light 4 eggs and pour over them the hot milk, add 6 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste, and just a pinch of soda. Beat well and pour into greased cups and bake in a quick oven for 15 minutes. Serve hot, with bread and butter for lunch, or as a separate course before dessert at dinner.

Pickled Cauliflower.

Trim the cauliflower and pull the flowerets apart, cutting them in pieces if preferred. Place in an earthen vessel with 1 cupful of small onions and 2 small red peppers. Cover with a strong brine and let it stand over night. In the morning heat 1 qt. of good vinegar with 2 tablespoonfuls of mustard, and let it boil, then drain the vegetables, and boil them for 15 minutes in the vinegar. When cold, put in glass jars and cover closely.

Cucumber Pickles. (Requested.)

Gather cucumbers at night, wash, place in a dish, allow a handful of salt to enough cucumbers to fill a 2 qt. can. Cover them with boiling water and let them stand over night. In the morning take from the brine, put in a porcelain kettle with mustard seed, whole cinnamon and cloves and enough vinegar to cover, and let them come to the boiling point, but not boil. Put in cans and seal while hot. These are as nice as the bottled pickles we buy at the store.—Mrs. W. R. H.

TRUE REST.

"Rest is not quitting
The busy careers
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

"Deeper devotion
Nowhere hath knelt;
Fuller emotion
Heart never felt.
'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And that is true rest."
—Goethe.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Meet the President for Iowa and Welcome Twelve New Members.

Miss Carrie M. Kepner, president of the Order of Blade M. G. R.'s in Iowa, is a native of Marengo, where she now resides in a cozy cottage, surrounded

CARRIE M. KEPNER, IOWA.

by well-kept grounds and splendid shade trees. She is a consistent member of the M. E. church, a teacher in the Sunday school, and belongs to the Epworth league, the W. R. C., the Marengo Ladies' Cornet band, and an amateur comedy company, which has quite a local reputation. In person she is small, with dark hair and eyes. She has considerable musical and artistic ability, and is foremost in all good works. Her native modesty forbade her writing her own "sketch," so the pleasant duty was undertaken by a friend who evidently appreciates "Cara Mia's" many excellent characteristics, and did them fuller justice than our limited space will allow.

Frank, O.:—"I wonder how many of the boys who have said that a woman's place is at home, would be willing to stay there themselves, cooking, taking care of the children, and doing other things too numerous to mention, while their wives were at the polls. I am afraid their tempers would be slightly affected."

G. E. H., Mo.:—"I shall be pleased if the M. G. R.'s will allow me even a back seat while I ask a question. Did any of them ever belong to the N. T. C. C.?"

Snow-wreath, Pa.:—"I live in a beautiful valley between two hills of the Alleghany mountains, about ten miles from the city of Johnstown."

Opehia, Wash.:—"I think some of the topics discussed by the M. G. R.'s are very good, and show the sentiments of The Blade readers. Having never seen anything about this 'sound country,' I will write it up, if this does not find the waste basket."

Oleo, Mich.:—"Sam Igotus became a shining mark for M. G. R.'s by stating a self-evident truth. If it isn't true, why has God implanted in the heart of man a love for the beautiful in any form—whether that of nature's loveliness in the expressive eye or in the rounded features and love-lit eyes of a maiden? And why did he reveal to man the beauties of heaven, representing it by all precious and beautiful things, that we have any knowledge of? If it was not right to love the beautiful we must say that our Father created all these things and gave man a desire for their possession, merely to tempt him to do evil."

W. Va. Harebell, W. Va.:—"I think when Miss Alcott died America lost one of her best women; she and E. P. Roe have been my favorite authors. Let us have the Western trip, by all means, and please, Miss Prudence, do not refuse us your picture."

Flora, Ind.:—"Yes, Daisy, I can remember being late to school more than once because I stopped to gather sweet arbutus. I have tried to make it grow out here on the prairie, but have not succeeded. My father's step-father and three uncles all wore the blue."

Sunshine, Ky.:—"I live in the country, in the southern part of Kentucky. I have read The Garden of Eden, and I think it a very possible story."

Winnie Grindstone, Mo.:—"I have been a silent reader of the M. G. R. for some time, and sincerely believe that the constitution recently adopted by them will meet the approval of a great number of silent readers as well as active members. I live near one of the greatest mineral districts in the United States, and will give a brief description of it in the near future."

Brier Rose, Ind.:—"I am a Kansas girl, living at present in Indiana, and studying music and elocution. I would like to correspond with any one interested in the latter study, as I am very fond of it, and chose the title of one of my favorite selections for my nom."

Elmer Clay, Kan.:—"I live in the great wheat-producing section of the Sunflower State, known as the 'golden wheat belt' of Kansas, from whence thousands of bushels of grain are shipped annually. I agree with Forest on the equal suffrage question, and am very fond of music, playing both violin and cornet."

Myrtle Moore:—"Pennsylvania has 30 members. Flora, if you wish to correspond with Elma or any other member of the M. G. R.'s, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Prudence or to your state president, and the desired address will be forwarded.

W. Va. Harebell:—The above information applies to your case also.

Opehia:—If you send the poem to The Blade, it will be published in the Household. The story can be obtained in book form; for information concerning price, etc., address the author, W. H. Bishop, Auburndale, O.

Nindе:—Please condense your opinions and write them out in ink. You gave several interesting points, but in too voluminous an epistle for our limited space.

Buffalo Bill:—Positively, William, you must not write on both sides of your paper. Correct and come again.

Mrs. A. V. T., Iowa:—The address you ask for is "August Webb, Carnthersville, Mo."

Miss H. M., Mo.:—If you are a subscriber to the Blade you are entitled to membership in the M. G. Rs. Your state president is Miss Flora Culver, of Dawn, and the subject under discussion is: "Why should we read?" Send your opinion on that subject to her—in as condensed form as possible, writing with ink on one side of your paper—live up to the motto and resolution of the Order, and you may consider yourself initiated as a most welcome member. In writing to the circle address your letters to Miss Prudence, care of Toledo Blade, Toledo, O. She is familiarly known as "The Chaperone" of the merry circle of young men and women who belong to the Order. Sign a nom to your letter if you choose, but do not forget to give your real name and address also, for entering on the M. G. R. roll.

M. E. P., Mo.:—By observing the above conditions and looking out a little bit in regard to your spelling, you, too, may become a member of the Order.

G. E. H., Mo.:—Please note instructions to Flora and Wild Fern.

Snow-wreath:—Pennsylvania has 20 members—your state president is Mr. R. M. Humphrey, of Fishers; send stamped self-addressed envelope for particulars concerning the Order.

Owing to the large number of new members received recently, and the space taken up by the description and photographs of the state presidents, several letters have had to be held over; the names of the writers are mentioned below, with the assurance that as soon as space permits, their letters will be given as nearly as possible in the order in which they have been received.

Sam Igotus, New England Girl, Paul, Book-worm, Pauline, Ivan, Marchioness, Lavallette, Kansas Sunflower, Sweet Sixteen, Wild Fern, Sweet Nightingale, Clover, Bobbie, Subscriber Lenore, Philosopher, Shamrock and Operator.

Miss Prudence is a little inclined to lose patience with her young folks occasionally. Here, for instance, is a M. G. R. asking how many members there are in Indiana, and lamenting the fact that there is no state president in Hoosierdom, when in The Blade of April 11, the president's name and address, as well as for all-else-pertaining-to-Indiana was published at the head of the column. If the M. G. R's would only take care of their Blades, or if you do not wish to preserve the entire paper, they would cut out the M. G. R. column and paste it in a scrap book, there would be no necessity for asking these questions over and over again, and much of the column's space and Miss Prudence's time, would be saved, to say nothing of the decrease in wear and tear of the Chaperone's temper.

At last the badges are ready, and they are beauties; the Chaperone feels sure every one will be repaid for their long and patient waiting, when they finally receive one of these pins. The question of changing the name of the order is finally settled by the fact that the letters "M. G. R." occupy a conspicuous place on the badges, so arguments on the subject will no longer be in order.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS, ATTENTION!

At last there is hope! The badge looms up in the near future! After the rejection of a number of specimens made and sent for approval, all involving great delay, one has finally been accepted and the order given for its manufacture. As, however, it will be some time before it can be supplied in quantities, the publishers of The Blade have decided to make the following offer to the members only of The Merry-Go-Round.

To each and all who will get for The Blade a club of 35 new subscribers for three months at ten cents each, the badge will be sent free. The names may be forwarded not less than 10 at a time, the coupon given below being enclosed with the name of the sender each time, until the number, 35, has been reached. The pin will then be mailed to the fortunate Merry-Go-Rounder.

This offer will hold good for three months from date. It gives a chance to get this beautiful badge in a very easy way, as the quick-witted young members of this organization cannot fail to see.

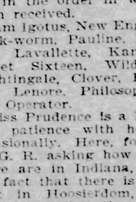
Not only this, but they may thus enlarge their own numbers, while, at the same time, through their friendly work and influence, they are helping The Blade to extend its circulation.

The pin is of solid silver, with a sword holding in place three leaflets upon which are M. G. R. in raised letters. In smaller characters below are the words Toledo Blade. The shape and about the size are shown in the coupon. It is a beautiful ornament and cannot fail to please. Later on, when received in sufficient numbers it will be sold at a price sufficient only to cover cost of manufacture and mailing.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

Where are the members of the Blade Temperance Legion, and why do they not join the circle of The Merry-Go-Rounds? The latter organization has for one of its objects the promotion of temperance and good morals. With the desire for improvement and also to have a good time by fellowship with each other, great benefit and pleasure must follow. Join the nearest circle to your home, and help the rest to have a good time while making a good time for yourselves. The editor would like to hear from some of the old members of the Temperance Legion. Let her hear from you.

Toledo Weekly Blade



To be sent with each club of ten subscribers raised by a member of the M. G. R.

WHEN YOU WERE A LITTLE GIRL.

When you were a little girl it seems
The very queerest thing
To think our grandma wore a bib,
And drove the cat with a string!
Did you have a hat in summer time
With a great broad brim, like mine?
And didn't it hang at the back of your neck
When you wanted to smell the shine?

How could you always be seen and not heard?
And didn't you romp nor fuss?
And wasn't fun as funny then,
To you as it is to us?
What kind of a doll did you rock to sleep?
An old-fashioned one, I know;
Did it have a house? O grandma! say,
Did you ever stump your toe?

I shouldn't wonder you went to school,
And sat on Susie's side;
Did ever a mean boy make you mad,
And call you a "gal" when you cried?
What lots of berry beads you strung,
I 'spect and glass ones, too?
Did you ever giggle out, and then
P'tend it wasn't you?

To think you were a little girl!
It don't seem one bit true?
I'd rather keep on having fun,
And play the whole way through.
How big was Santa, then, and did
Your grandma trim the tree?
And say "my baby" all the same,
And you as old as me?

Dear! but I'm tired in my head
With wondering all about
This grandma; why she didn't stay
A girl, I can't find out.
I guess I know a place to rest—
Now sing and pet my curls—
I wouldn't give my grandma up
For a big, round world of girls!

THE OSTRICH IN CAPTIVITY.

Ostriches are now regularly raised and fed, for the sake of their plumes, in Africa, Australia and America, but their feathers are not near so valuable in the market as they used to be, and the care they require, and the great losses among the birds, render them very uncertain property.

On board ship they are particularly apt to be gailed and injured by the vessel's motion, and either die at once or have to be killed. They are also very apt to suffer in traveling by the railroad, and the driving them, upon their own feet, is an endless worry and trouble. The slightest unusual thing, sometimes even the sight of a dog at a distance, will cause a flock to stampede, when some are lost and others break their legs.

The legs of the ostrich are enormous, but the bone is very fragile, and seems sometimes as brittle as porcelain, so that a comparatively slight blow is enough to splinter it into just such jagged and pointed fragments as result from the breaking of china. As the bird is entirely unmanageable, they have then to be killed.

One very common cause of broken legs with ostriches is the curious habit these birds have of waltzing round, especially when they are put in good spirits by being turned out of the enclosure in which they have been kept at night.

Some of them seem to know how to traverse, like human waltzers, but many fall from mere giddiness, apparently, and frequently break their legs in doing so.

Then they often fight savagely, and give each other powerful kicks, which break the leg. Their kick is, indeed, tremendous, and will half kill a strong man, if he receives the full force.

As they have very little sense—much less intuitive power than a common fowl, indeed—they do not recognize the man who has fed them for years, if he happens to come in another hat or coat from the one they are accustomed to see.

An ostrich farmer was attacked and knocked down by one of his own old birds which had been constantly fed by him, but which, on seeing him for the first time in a high black hat, took him for a stranger.

They have been known to kill people who entered their pastures without knowing their ways and without being provided with the sharp forks, on a long stick, necesssary to keep them off.

Yet, with all this, as we have said, they will go off in the most foolish panics at the slightest thing. In fact, ostriches have about the smallest brains of any living creature of their size, no easily be seen by noticing the very small head, which is very flat, and depressed above the eyes.

Although ostriches sometimes lay as many as twenty eggs, and the pair take turns in sitting upon them, a great many persons who raise the birds hatch a good portion of the eggs in incubators, which takes six weeks.

A very young ostrich chick is quite pretty, and they are very comical in their movements. But they soon get angular and awkward, and continue so for two or three years. During two years the sexes cannot be distinguished, and the plumage is course, rough, and of a dirty drab, mixed with black.

At five years the bird is full grown, and the male is then of a glossy black and the female gray, both having white wings and tail. In each wing are twenty-four long white feathers, which are the valuable ones.

The ostrich's body is very bony and lean, the bare thighs being the only fleshy part. On this the ostrich farmers brand their marks, like cattle raisers brand their animals.

The meat of the thigh is good, but rather stringy and tough, but makes excellent soup, for which it is used very often by ostrich farmers who are obliged to kill one of their birds.

One ostrich egg is equal in quantity of contents to about twenty-four hens' eggs, and it is quite as delicate and useful for most household purposes, but the birds themselves are too valuable for many eggs to be used for eating by their owners.

In South Africa the eggs are liable to be attacked in the nest and eaten by several enemies. One of the principal of these is the white-necked crow, an even more cunning bird than our black one, which is particularly fond of ostrich eggs, but his bill is not hard enough to break the shell. So he waits until the breeding cock has left the nest, which they do for about fifteen minutes every morning after sunrise. As soon as she is at a good distance feeding and drinking, the watchful crow flies into the air over the nest, with an big a stone as it can carry, and, with accurate aim, drops it.

If it breaks an egg, he makes good use of his opportunity, and by the time the ostrich returns from her meal the crow has had his. It is said that this white-necked crow breaks the shells of land tortoises in the same way.

This brings to mind the story of the ancient sage Aeschylus, who was killed by an eagle's dropping on his head a tortoise which it had carried up into the air. The bird mistook the bald head of the sage for a stone, and evidently thought it a good place upon which to smash the tortoise, so that he could get at the meat.

But besides crows, the South African ostriches have, as depredators upon their nests, the very numerous jackals. They roll the eggs away with their paws until they fall down some cleft and are broken. Besides that, they capture many of the ostrich chicks.

A number of ostriches are killed, on the farms of the breeders, by collision with the wire fences, by means of which great portions of land are inclosed.

They often charge into the wires after some dog, or other supposed enemy on the outside, and injure themselves fatally. This often happens when the dog is merely passing, and is taking no notice of the bird.

A South African ostrich farmer described how one of his hens committed suicide by squeezing its head and neck through a narrow fork of the branches of a quince tree, for the purpose of reaching a very fine, large quince.

Having got the fruit in his throat, he tried to withdraw his head; but, finding he could not do so, instead of raising his head, tugged and jumped until he killed himself.

When hurt very badly by running against the wire fences, they seldom recover, as they lie down, stretch out their necks, and seem at once to "give up."

However, the same farmer who had the bird killed in stealing a quince, had another which cut its throat open to the gullet against a wire fence. He was seen to do it, and the owner at once ran for needle and thread to sew up the gap. On returning, he found that the patient had got at a bag of Indian corn, and was busy eating it. As he swallowed the corn, it all tumbled out again through the slit in his throat, but, apparently insensible to pain, he went on eating, no doubt wondering, after eating so much, why he was still hungry.

This bird, as an exception to the rule, recovered. Ostriches swallow all sorts of hard things, which gives rise to the saying, "the digestion of an ostrich," but they take them, just as a small bird takes grains of sand, to enable the gizzard to grind up the food. In their crops are found bones, broken china and glass and pieces of iron, as well as stones.

They have been known, on ostrich farms, to take the lighted pipe from a man's mouth and swallow

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

KENTUCKY REPUBLICANS.

Col. W. O. Bradley, a Strong Man, Named for Governor.

Louisville, Ky., June 6.—The Republican state convention convened at 2 p. m. yesterday, at the Auditorium, seating 5,000, filled to its full capacity. Hon. J. W. Yerkes, one of the candidates for Senator, as chairman of the state committee, made a strong speech on existing conditions in Kentucky, and introduced as temporary chairman Judge George Denny, who is contesting with W. C. Owens the seat of Breckinridge in Congress. After Judge Denny's speech, the usual committees were appointed. Congressman Evans was made permanent

COL. W. O. BRADLEY.

chairman, and Samuel J. Roberts, editor of the Kentucky Leader, secretary. It was ascertained that the committee on resolutions was having difficulty on the free silver plank. Col. Bradley and other leaders appeared before the committee and insisted on a compromise silver plank.

The convention remained in session until 5:30, filling in with speeches, when it recessed until 7:30, awaiting the report on resolutions.

On reassembling the committee on resolutions was unable to report, and favorites were again called on for speeches until 9 p. m., when the platform was unanimously adopted.

State Chairman Yerkes presented the name of Col. W. O. Bradley for the nomination of governor. The nomination was made by acclamation, with continued demonstrations, till Col. Bradley was escorted to the platform. After thanking the convention and accepting the nomination for governor, Col. Bradley reviewed recent changes in Kentucky, especially the result of the election last November, and on the financial plank said:

"The platform of to-day is but a repetition of the platforms of the past. It demands protection for every American interest—protection for the producer, protection for the manufacturer, protection for the laboring man, and protection for the currency. It denounces the heresy of free trade, unlimited and independent coinage of silver, and it will protect the people from the dishonor of repudiation. It repeats now that every dollar shall be of equal value with every other dollar, and that every promise to pay a dollar shall be as sacred as a soldier's grave, and worth 100 cents wherever flies the flag. It favors the use of gold and silver of equal purchasing and equal debt-paying power, and will preserve for every song of toil the same dollar that is held by the millionaire. We heartily sympathize with the intelligent business men of the Democratic party who agree with us on this question, and ask them to stand by and help us in an honest effort to preserve the nation's credit."

His indictment of the national administration was very severe. For almost an hour he denounced the Democratic management of state affairs in Kentucky.

The platform as adopted was in substance as follows:

We are opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, believing that it would involve the country in financial ruin. We believe in a sound currency and in the use of both gold and silver for coinage, provided always that a dollar in bullion is made as valuable as a dollar in the other.

We favor a tariff so regulated as to protect the interests of all classes of our citizens upon articles that may be successfully manufactured or produced in this country, thus insuring good wages to the laborer and a home market to the producer, and in connection with this, we favor the reestablishment of the doctrine of reciprocity. We believe that such a system will defray every governmental expense, gradually liquidate all indebtedness, restore public confidence and relegate to the rear the undue excitement now prevailing concerning the currency. In view of the past financial history of the Democratic party, its devotion to the old state bank system and wildcat tendencies, we affirm that the Republican party can be more safely trusted to regulate the financial system of the nation.

We favor an American policy which will protect Americans and American interests in any part of the world at all hazards, and will sympathize with strongly republican, rather than ignorant monarchies.

The Ticket.

Louisville, Ky., June 7.—The Republican Derby of Kentucky closed last night, after two days and two nights of close races. Col. W. O. Bradley was nominated for governor without opposition, Samuel H. Stone for auditor on the first ballot, and Charles Finley for secretary of state on the second ballot, but the other nominees required repeated ballots.

As the state law prohibits the use of any part of the national emblem as a distinguishing mark on the Australian ballot, the convention adopted Daniel Boone's log cabin as the Republican device instead of the eagle.

During the latter part of the afternoon session the proceedings were obstructed by a disorder, but at the session last night the confusion was still greater. Four hours were consumed in boisterous balloting for register of public lands, an office worth $2,000, with assessments, etc., to be deducted. There were ten names presented, and under the rule the lowest one on each ballot was dropped. Nominations could not be made until all were thus dropped except the last two. Promptly on reassembling at 8 p. m., balloting began for register of lands, and it was midnight when Charles O. Reynolds was nominated.

The following is the ticket:

Governor—W. O. Bradley.

Lieutenant Governor—W. J. Worthington.

Auditr—S. H. Stone.

Secretary of State—Charles Finley.

Treasurer—George W. Long.

Attorney General—Judge W. S. Taylor.

Superintendent of Public Instruction—W. J. Davidson.

Register of Land Office—Charles O. Reynolds.

Commissioner of Agriculture—Lucas Moore.

ANOTHER SILVER FIZZLE.

Nonpartisans of Iowa Had a Slim Crowd.

Des Moines, June 6.—The nonpartisan state silver convention held here yesterday was a very small affair compared with the advance noise which has been made concerning it. The greatest number of people in the hall at any one time did not exceed 100, and only about one-half of them came from outside of Des Moines. The nucleus of the gathering was Gen. J. B. Weaver, Judge C. C. Cole, Perry Engle, of Newton, and others of the same old Populist crowd. Ex-Lieutenant Governor Bestow, of Chariton; ex-State Senator Taylor, of Bloomfield, and ex-State Senator Bolter, of Logan, were representative free silver Democrats. They are men who have for years been a little off from the party. In the same way the few professed Republicans present had Populistic leanings, with the exception of those who were only onlookers.

ILLINOIS DEMOCRATS.

Hinrichsen Proprietor, Ringmaster and Chief Performer.

Springfield, Ill., June 5.—With every train that came into Springfield today came large delegations of delegates to the Democratic state convention. The fear of leaders last night that the attendance would be small were allayed. More people came than any one had expected, and to-day the streets were thronged with silverites from all parts of the state. Blue badges bearing the inscription, "Free Silver 16 to 1," fluttered from the lapels of coats of incomers, and many delegations carried banners proclaiming their belief in free coinage of silver on a basis of 16 to 1 of gold.

The Convention Opens.

The Democratic state convention, called by the state central committee to adopt a policy for the party in Illinois upon the money question, was called to order at noon to-day by W. H. Hinrichsen, chairman of the state central committee. Judge Crawford, of Union county, was seated as temporary chairman, and Mr. Hinrichsen then addressed the convention.

Mr. Hinrichsen then argued the right of state conventions to discuss national issues; defended the action of the state central committee in calling this convention, and denied that it had been irregular, illegal, traitorous or destructive; it was not to break through the ranks of certain political bosses, and if they chose to leave the party let them, and good riddance; finally, that the convention was called in order that the committee might be instructed a line of policy marked out, and the Democratic party of the state be united for victory.

Tribute to Cleveland.

Hon. Andrew Hunter, of Paris, ex-Congressman at large from Illinois, said:

"We are here because of the efforts of Mr. Cleveland to force the Democratic party to accept as final the law of 1873 on the money question. Those who have been heretofore recognized as Democrats do not wish to stand with us in carrying out the provisions of the Chicago platform must find a location for themselves.

The daring move of Mr. Cleveland to carry the Democratic party away from the platform that he accepted as a candidate and upon which he was elected has but one parallel in the long history of Democratic Presidents—Buchanan in 1857.

If Mr. Cleveland wants to start a new and different Democratic party, let him call a convention of his own and lay down his platform.

Then we will be able to see how many voters will stand upon his platform. He can christen his new party according to his own tastes and go before the country. I am reminded that the first section of the new platform of this new party will be to stand by the laws of 1873, until we can get an international agreement, or in other words, have England fix our financial system for us.

All this dramatic talk about international agreement with foreign nations to secure some financial advantages for our own country is empty declamation and only kept before the people as one of the schemes of deception for the sole purpose of procrastination.

Declared for Silver.

Springfield, Ill., June 6.—Illinois Democrats in convention have declared unqualifiedly in favor of the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 with gold. This declaration was adopted without a dissenting vote from the 850 delegates who composed the convention. The delegates also went on record as being in favor of the holding of a national Democratic convention, to take action on the money question. John P. Hopkins, of Chicago; W. H. Hinrichsen, of Jacksonsonville; George W. Fithian, of Newton, and L. B. Parsons, of Flora, were named as delegates-at-large from this state to attend such convention, if one shall be called by the properly constituted Democratic authorities.

There was no hitch anywhere in carrying out the plans of Chairman Hinrichsen. He had the convention well in hand at every stage of the proceedings, and his wishes were followed to the letter. His power over the delegates was conclusively shown when he asked unanimous consent to withdraw a portion of the platform submitted by the committee on resolutions, and there was no objection to granting the request. The resolutions adopted by the convention on the coinage issue were as follows:

"Resolved, By the Democrats of Illinois in convention assembled, That we are in favor of the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the United States, and demand the free and unlimited coinage of both metals at the ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the action of other nations that such coins shall be a legal tender for all debts, both public and private; all contracts hereafter executed for the payment of money, whether in gold, silver or coin, may be discharged by any money which is, by law, a legal tender.

The most sensational incident in the day's proceedings occurred just before the convention adjourned. The overzealous friends of Governor Altgeld had succeeded in incorporating into the report of the committee on resolutions a flattering indorsement of the state administration. Chairman Fithian had no sooner finished reading the report of the committee than protests against the resolution indorsing Governor Altgeld began to come from various parts of the hall. The situation was a most embarrassing one for the friends of the governor. They could not afford to fight over the resolution. Governor Altgeld had made a speech to the convention and had been given a cordial reception. It was apparent, however, if the attempt to indorse his administration was insisted upon there would be a bitter controversy, the outcome of which was doubtful. Under the circumstances his friends considered that the best thing to be done would be to secure, if possible, the withdrawal of that portion of the committee's report. At the suggestion of Chairman Hinrichsen the permission to withdraw the resolution indorsing the governor was granted and a fierce fight was thus avoided.

The advocates of sound money who were entitled to seats in the convention went to bed Tuesday night without deciding upon what programme they would observe. There was consequently a good deal of speculation in the morning as to what course they would follow. At the conference of the sound money leaders held at Senator Palmer's office at 9 o'clock it was decided not to offer any opposition to the plans of the silver managers. The news of this decision, when it was communicated to Chairman Hinrichsen and Governor Altgeld, seemed to give them great relief.

ARKANSAS REPUBLICANS.

Solid Republican League Men Indorse McKinley.

Little Rock, Ark., June 6.—The Republican State League convention was called to order yesterday by President A. S. Fowler, of this city. About three hundred delegates, representing 100 clubs, with a membership of 8,000, are in attendance. "We meet here to-day," said Mr. Fowler, "in the name of Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, James G. Blaine, and, I might add, William McKinley, for he is the peer of any man on the American continent, Governor of a good state, and, I hope, the next President of the United States"

The mention of McKinley's name set the delegates wild with enthusiasm.

Silver Dick Bland's Boom.

Jefferson City, Mo., June 5.—It has developed here that friends of Congressman Bland intend to launch a Presidential boom for him in connection with the calling of a state silver convention to meet in this city, July 4. The plan is to have the convention indorse Mr. Bland as a Presidential candidate, and his friends feel certain the free silver element all over the country will take off their hats and yell for Silver Dick.

Kansas Silverites to Meet.

Topeka, Kan., June 5.—A. C. Shinn, of Ottawa, vice president for Kansas of the American Bi-Metallic league, has issued a call for a convention of the Kansas silver men, to be held in Topeka, Tuesday, June 18. All friends of free silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, regardless of political affiliations, are invited to participate.

FORMING A NEW PARTY.

Cuts Loose From the Old Party Organization.

Springfield, Ill., June 7.—It is no longer a secret that the Illinois silverites, under the leadership of Governor Altgeld and William Hinrichsen, intend to cut loose from the present national Democratic organization and form a new Democratic free silver party. The plans were laid months ago, and so far everything has worked smoothly in the interests of the managers of the new departure. The echoes of the convention had scarcely died away when Chairman Hinrichsen declared that the state committee would now start in on the national work.

"If the national committee refuses to call a national Democratic convention," Mr. Hinrichsen said, "we shall call on the state committees of the various states to act with the Illinois committee in calling such a convention. The result of such a national conference will be the same as that of our state convention. It will unify the party and leave the gold men in a hopeless minority."

This bold utterance is backed up by Governor Altgeld, who says that the calling of a national convention was the original purpose of the men who called the Illinois silver convention.

"I was the originator, or rather, one of the originators, of the national convention scheme,' 'the governor said, 'and I did everything in my power to secure its adoption. We are not content with simply expressing our convictions. We are going to fight for them and push the fight all along the line."

SENATOR J. M. THURSTON

Speaks for the Western Republicans on Silver.

Salt Lake, Utah, June 6.—Senator J. M. Thurston, in an interview on the political situation, said: "At the time I opposed Eryan for the senate I took the position that the United States could not take care of all the silver in the world, but should take care of the American product under such conditions as would make a silver dollar as good as a gold dollar, anywhere. I believe the Republican party will make a declaration substantially the same as that of the national platform in '92. It binds the party to take care of the national product. I feel now that there will be two Democratic conventions. When the convention is held I believe that the free silver wing of the party will be in absolute control, though it may not be able to nominate on account of the two-thirds rule."

"I do not see how the Republicans can go any further than they did in '92 without declaring for free and unlimited coinage. The disposition of the silver Republicans to bolt is only found to any great extent in Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and Nevada. The Republicans of Oregon, Washington, California and the Dakotas will support the party declarations."

WON'T CALL THE COMMITTEE

To Arrange for a Money Convention.

Philadelphia, June 8.—Chairman Wm. F. Harrity, of the Democratic national committee, has received a number of inquiries as to whether he intended to call a meeting of the committee at an early date to decide whether or not a national convention should be called to take action on the money question. In order to relieve the mind of anxious Democrats, he has written the following open letter:

"Philadelphia, June 6.—I do not expect or intend to call a meeting of the Democratic national committee until next winter, when it will meet for the purpose of fixing the time and place for holding the Democratic national convention of 1896, unless I shall be requested to do so by the requisite number of Democratic national committee. I do not believe there is any necessity for a convention at this time; on the contrary, I am of the opinion that to call one now would be harmful to the business interests of the country and prejudicial to the welfare of the Democratic party.

"WILLIAM F. HARRITY,
"Chairman Nat'l Dem. Com."

Mr. Harrity said he had nothing to add to what is contained in this letter

THIS IS STRANGE!

Colorado's Member of the Democratic National Committee.

Denver, Col., June 7.—C. S. Thomas, Colorado member of the Democratic national committee, in discussing the action of the Illinois Democrats, said: "I am in favor of a national convention and of every other proposition which will serve to make the money question the issue for 1896, and force the Democratic party to take that position upon it which to it belongs as the party of the people. Until Cleveland was, like the man of the sea, bound to its shoulders, its financial policy was undoubted. Monometallism has no place in its history or its platforms, nor can so-called Democratic administrations with Republican tendencies fasten such a doctrine upon the Democratic masses. I am for this convention, and if it shall pronounce against bi-metallism, then I am for the party which will endorse it."

FREE SILVER DEMOCRATS.

Iowa Ready to Fall in Line With Illinois.

Des Moines, Ia., June 7.—Free silver Democrats met here yesterday in conference. Ex-Lieutenant Governor Bestow, of Chariton, presided. After many speeches a working committee consisting of a state chairman and one vice president from each Congressional district was appointed.

The resolutions passed declare that gold and silver are the constitutional money of the country, and declare free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver on terms of equality, at a ratio of 16 to 1 to be a cardinal principle of Democratic faith. The working committee will strive to fill the coming state convention with free silver Democrats.

JERRY SIMPSON'S EXCURSION

From Medicine Lodge to Topeka by Mule Team.

Topeka, Kan., June 7.—Ex-Congressman Jerry Simpson, accompanied by his wife, will, according to a local newspaper story, leave his Medicine Lodge farm with a wagon and mule team for Topeka next Saturday. Rumor says that he intends to load his wagon with butter, eggs and provisions and pay his way with them, by selling enough in the towns he passes through to furnish the money for expenses. His arrival here may be made the occasion of a great demonstration by the local Populists. It is proposed that a procession be formed carrying banners with unpleasant references to the present state administration.

MEMPHIS SILVER CONFERENCE.

A Very Long List of Speakers is Announced.

Memphis, June 7.—The arrangements' committee of the silver convention to meet at the Auditorium next Wednesday, yesterday announced that the following speakers had accepted invitations to address the convention: Congressman J. C. Sibley, of Pennsylvania; ex-Governor L. Bradford; Prince, of New Mexico; Senator David Turpie, of Indiana; Congressman H. D. Money, of Mississippi; Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas, and Senators Wm. Stewart, Nevada; J. Z. George, of Mississippi; A. J. McLaurin, of Mississippi, and George L. Shoup, of Idaho, and Alexander Delmar, of California.

Carolina Pops Shriek Calamity.

Raleigh, June 5.—The Populist state executive committee met here yesterday and adopted resolutions setting forth that the recent national departures from coinage law have brought ruin upon the mass of the American people, and declaring for silver.

Susan Does Not Resign.

San Francisco, June 8.—Miss Susan B. Anthony, who has returned from the Yosemite Valley, denies the report telegraphed from the East that she had resigned the presidency of the national suffrage league. She says she has not resigned and does not intend to do so.

KILLED BY COLOGNE WATER.

S. M. Strong, an Old Druggist, Meets a Strange Death.

Cleveland, O., June 5.—S. M. Strong, senior partner of the wholesale drug house of Strong, Cobb & Co., and a man of great wealth, died yesterday afternoon as the result of a peculiar and terrible accident. Last night at 11 o'clock he started from his sleeping room at his home on Euclid avenue to the bath room adjoining, clad only in his undergarments. In searching for a match he knocked a large bottle of cologne off a shelf, and broke it on a marble wash stand, the contents saturating part of his clothing. Mr. Strong lit a match and instantly the alcohol vapor from the cologne flashed into a flame. He was horribly burned on the forearms, the abdomen and the upper part of his legs, where the cologne had soaked into his underclothing. He did not regain consciousness up to his death. Mr. Strong was 65 years old, and had been in the drug business in this city 45 years.

WYOMING REPUBLICAN LEAGUE

Meets and Declares for Free Silver.

Denver, June 7.—A special to the Republican from Cheyenne, Wyo., says:

The Republican leagues of Wyoming met yesterday with a representation from all parts of the state. The delegates elected to the national league convention are: Senator G. D. Clark, Congressman F. W. Mondell, Hon. C. W. Burdick, Hon. T. F. Burke, Mrs. Esther Morris, August Trabing, F. Marriott, E. F. Stone, F. H. Blair, Judge George D. McAmmont.

The platform adopted advocates this country taking the initiative regarding finance, and says:

"We favor the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, with full legal tender functions according to each in payment of public and private debts."

TO CLOSE DEPARTMENT STORES.

Illinois Legislature May Declare Them Nuisances.

Springfield, Ill., June 5.—The Senate committee which investigated the department stores of Chicago reported to the Senate yesterday. The report bitterly condemns department stores and declares that stringent regulations will alone save the smaller concerns in the city from being entirely driven out or existence.

Bills to this end were presented, empowering the city council to impose cumulative license charges on stores dealing in more than one class of goods and to declare department stores nuisances and summarily close them. The penalty is fixed at a fine of $5 to $200 for each day such illegal business is maintained. The bills were read and ordered to second reading.

ALABAMA SILVER DEMOCRATS

Instructed to Organize Silver Leagues Throughout the State.

Birmingham, June 8.—A call was issued yesterday by the executive committe of the Alabama Democratic league to silver Democrats to organize leagues in every county of the state.

It is expected that these organizations will be so complete in the next thirty days that further action may by correspondence and joint agreement be had.

The state convention, it is understood, will not be an effort to commit the Democratic organization to free silver, but will be a convention composed exclusively of silver Democrats to organize and strengthen for an onslaught upon the next regular state Democratic convention, which meets next spring.

THE SAD SEQUEL.

All That He Got in the Wild Rush for a Home.

Guthrie, O. T., June 7.—A sad sequel to the wild rush into the Kickapoo country was viewed in this city Wednesday when a man named Vaichester, from Southwestern Kansas, drove through the city en route with his old home there, having in his wagon a coffin containing the body of his wife and five-year-old child, who were both killed in the rush for claims at the recent opening. In the first wild dash Valchester's wagon struck a stone, was partly overturned, throwing out the wife and little one, who were trampled to death by a score or more of horses.

WHITELAW REID'S MOTHER.

She Died, Aged 91, at Her Old Farm Home.

Xenia, O., June 10.—Mrs. Marian Reid, mother of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, died at her home near Cedarville yesterday, aged ninety-one years. She had lived always on the farm and was for thirty years a widow. Hon. Whitelaw Reid, her only child, will arrive here at 4 o'clock this morning. The aged mother will be buried beside her husband in a country cemetery near the farm. Whitelaw Reid telegraphed he was en route to Cedarville.

PASSED OVER THE VETO.

Massachusetts Legislature Insists Upon Favoring Veterans.

Boston, June 5.—Governor Greenhalge's veto of the bill giving Union veterans of the civil war an absolute preference in state employment has been overridden by the Senate, the vote being 28 to 7. The governor's objection to the bill was that it would seriously impair the efficiency of the civil service.

BETRAYED BY A WOMAN.

Government Recovers Gold Bars Stolen From the Carson Mint.

Carson, Neb. June 5.—The $80,000 in gold bars stolen from the Carson mint were recovered in a most unexpected way when the government officers dug up the treasure in the woodshed of William Picker, an employe in the melters' and refiners' department, who had not even been suspected. Picker was betrayed by a woman with whom he had been living, and whom he had abused.

AN EVENT IN 400 CIRCLES.

Sloane-Burden Nuptials Celebrated at Lenox, Mass.

Lenox, Mass., June 6.—Two of the richest families in America were united to-day at noon, when in the beautiful Trinity church, James Abercrombie Burden, jr., and Miss Florence Adele Sloane were married. The most elaborate preparations had been made for the event. About 300 guests were under the care of Mr. and Mrs. William Douglas Sloane.

DEBS EXPECTS TO GO TO JAIL.

Expects a Telegram Calling Him to Chicago.

Terre Haute, Ind., June 7.—Eugene V. Debs is waiting to be recommitted to jail. As yet the supreme court of the United States has not issued the mandate. He thinks it was issued yesterday and that he will receive a telegram calling him to Chicago. Debs is working at A. R. U. business as much as possible getting all the general work cleared up.

Sergt. Lloyd, the Explorer.

Sioux City, June 8.—The grave of Sergeant Lloyd, who was a member of the Lewis and Clark exploring expedition which came up the Missouri river in 1804, has been discovered a few miles east of this city. A portion of the skull and other parts of the skeleton were removed. The search for the grave and the question of erecting a monument over it has attracted considerable attention among historians and others.

Government Versus Stanford Estate

San Francisco, June 8.—Judge McKissick, special counsel for the government, made his argument in the suit against the Leland Stanford estate yesterday in the United States Circuit court. He endeavored to demonstrate that the debt which was created under the act of Congress of 1862, was merely a statute limitation and not a condition, as the Stanford counsel contended.

Hundred Thousand Dollars Fire.

Northampton, June 10.—The John M. Learned silk mills were totally destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon. The only building saved was the brick one in which was the company's safe. About 150 hands will be thrown out of employment. The total loss is estimated at $100,000; insurance $60,000.

THE COLIMA SURVIVORS.

Judge Doyle's Address on "Our Duty to the State."

San Francisco, June 7.—Seventeen of the survivors of the ill-fated Colima arrived in port yesterday on the San Juan. When she docked hundreds of friends and relatives of those who went down on the Colima were assembled awaiting the landing of the passengers. Groups of women with tear-stained faces and knots of anxious men implored every one on board for tidings of the lost, all hoping against hope that there might have been some mistake in the dispatches, and some name omitted among the saved.

How keen was their disappointment in the face of the inevitable assurance that there was no hope was evidenced in their bitter lamentations. On the upper deck of the steamer were a few happy people, whose pleasure contrasted sharply with the grief of the bereaved. These were the friends of the survivors, who were embraced and congratulated on their miraculous rescue.

The Colima survivors who landed at this port yesterday are:

Passengers—A. J. Sptherland, C. H. Cushing, J. M. Thornton, P. H. Boyd, Gustav Rowan, Bruno Caid, Jose Antonio Sliz, Jose E. Marriella, George D. Ross, Louis Sangene, A. J. Olot, Juan A. Ramos. Crew—O. Hansen, R. A. Willes, Albert Carpneter, Arthur Richardson, Tom Fish. The following were landed at Magallan: Thomas Zarabosa, Domingo Alibans, Angel Guithez, Carlos Ruise.

The nineteen men saved from a watery grave when they had all given up hope of rescue were a sorry looking party when they arrived at the main dock. Some had their arms in slings. The heads of others were swathed in bandages. They limped as they walked, and their bruises were plainly in evidence. All looked ill and weakly, and showed only too plainly the effects of the terrible strain during the fearful hours when they waited for succor.

The stories of the survivors all confirmed the telegraphic accounts of the disaster. They agree that the cause of the foundering was the top heavy condition of the Colima, due to her bulky deck load. From the beginning of the voyage south, they say, the steamer acted badly, and would not answer her helm. The storm which sunk her was encountered about 9 o'clock Monday night, May 17,, and blew furiously during the next fourteen hours. The vessel lost steerage way, swung shoreward in the teeth of a furious southeasterly gale, where she lay helpless, battered by the mighty tidal waves.

The steamer lay helplessly on her side for about fifteen minutes, and then tipped over and sank. The women and children were drowned in their staterooms, where they were confined during the gale. These passengers who had been on deck were thrown into the sea. Many were killed and horibly mutilated by the lumber on the deck, blown by the wind and hurled on the heads of the struggling men in the water. The raft upon which Cushing, Sutherland, Richardson and two others were cast at drifted for about twenty-four hours. They gave up all hope until the San Juan hove in sight. They attracted her attention by hoisting a piece of red cloth and waving their clothes. On the raft with the passengers were two sailors. One seized a small casket of claret, of which both drank. They became drunk and quarrelsome. To save the lives of the remainder, Cush ing, the men say, they were obliged to push the sailor mad with drink, into the sea, where he drowned. The passengers say there was no time to launch the boats or put on life preservers when they realized the serious plight of the Colima, and besides, the fury of the storm made it impossible to launch or man the boats successfully.

Those who secured life preservers threw them to the water and those in the boat picked up by the San Juan clambered into her as she floated towards them struggling in the sea.

WHY THE COLIMA WAS LOST.

Suits for Damages Will at Once be Filed.

San Francisco, June 8.—Gustave Rowan, one of the survivors of the Colima, has sent a communication to the Call in which he says: "I want to make a statement now if you will allow me to do so. You can find out what I say is true if you will see the other men picked up. Some of them will not dare to tell the truth, as they have been promised money to keep still.

"The Colima was lost because she was badly handled by officers without capacity and bad men, when the gale struck us. When I saw that the ship was going to sink I went aft to the life preservers and commenced to give them out to the passengers. The steward told me to let them alone and ordered me forward.

"I was saved because I got a life preserver, and if the others had been allowed to get them, many would have been saved with me.

"The passengers were kept penned up until the last moment, and then made to go down in the ocean—like a pack of dogs.

"If some of the passengers had killed the steward who kept them from getting safety it would have been a mercy to the others. In fact I believe that by telling me I kept on giving out life preservers and by this saved some of the people from death."

Rowan, who was badly injured in the wreck, also says that he did not receive proper care on the San Juan and charges the surgeon of that ship with gross negligence.

ANOTHER MILWAUKEE FIRE.

Lumber Yards, Shipping and Buildings—Loss $400,000.

Milwaukee, Wis., June 10.—Fire broke out in the yards of the Foster Lumber company, on East Water street, at 2 o'clock Sunday morning. The flames spread to the coal yards of B. Uhrig & Co., and to the steamer Raleigh, which was moored at the coal docks. The Raleigh was entirely destroyed, and the schooner Lucy Graham is also afire. She is loaded with 6,000 tons of coal and lumber. The fire spread to the Gallum tannery and Schlitz brewery barns.

The fire was under control at 2 a. m., and the Gallum tannery did not burn. The Raleigh is a total loss. The entire loss will probably reach $400,000.

FOREST FIRES REKINDLE.

Fires of Last Week in Pennsylvania Break Out Afresh.

Bradford, Pa., June 10.—The forest fires of last week began burning fiercely Saturday and are still burning. Fires are reported in the vicinity of the Kane oil fields and a force of men are fighting the flames.

Ormsby is again the scene of destructive fires and a large amount of valuable timber has been destroyed.

Fires are reported in the vicinity of Mount Alton and Mount Jewett.

A destructive fire was burning at Sugar Run, a small lumber town eighteen miles west of her, yesterday, and destroyed a trestle on the Allegheny and Kinzua railroad.

Scientists for the Arctic Circle.

Chicago, June 7.—When the Peary relief expedition leaves St. Johns, N. F., for the Arctic circle, it will be accompanied by Prof. Rollin D. Salisbury, of the Chicago University. A number of scientists will make the trip to study the glaciers and geological conditions of those region. Professor Salisbury goes as far as Disco, near Ingleside Bay. He expects to return in October.

Population of Chicago Estimated.

Chicago, June 8.—The city directory which will be published within a few days will give Chicago a minimum population of 1,655,000. The publishers declare that these figures are conservative and that a census would show a material increase over their estimate. The 1895 directory will contain 60,000 more names than that of last year.

The Cattlemen's War is Averted.

McCoy, Cal., June 8.—The trouble between the cattlemen and the sheepmen is over for the present at least. The armed cattlemen who went on the war path found that the sheep in Colorado were all headed toward the Wyoming state line and received assurances that they would be driven north. The cattlemen then retired peacefully.

FIFTY-ONE CENTS GOES.

Only 9,442 Votes Cast Out of 25,000.

The vote of the Ohio miners as to whether they would accept or reject the proposition of the operators to pay 51 cents for screened coal per ton for mining resulted: For acceptance, 5,041; against, 4,351; majority, 740.

The state miners' officials say in their circular to-day to the miners of Ohio: "You will thus see that the provisional agreement made between the operators and your delegates on June 1, 1895, has been ratified and accepted by the popular vote of the district. This makes the agreement valid. Locals will govern themselves accordingly, and will resume work under the provisions of said agreement.

"It must be borne in mind that, distasteful as the terms of this agreement are, we have hopes of its being only temporary. It is only binding in so far as the circumstances continue which forced its acceptance. If those circumstances change, which we are in hope of, we expect that better terms will be within our probabilities ere long."

Secretary McBryde, of the national association, says the Ohio miners acted wisely in accepting the offer of the operators, and if the Pittsburg miners will do as well they will be in a position to take an advanced step by the time the fall trade opens.

HORR AND HARVEY.

Plan and Time for the Horr-Harvey Debate on Silver.

Chicago, June 10.—Lyman J. Gage, referee for Roswell G. Horr, and Howard S. Taylor, referee for W. H. Harvey, have practically agreed upon the essential points for the silver discussion to begin about July 10. The plan provides for the discussion of a chapter of "Coin's Financial School" at each session of three hours, to continue daily unless otherwise agreed.

There will be no speeches, but the contestants will face each other, sitting, and when one affirms a proposition the other will cross-examine. It is to be taken down by a stenographer and published daily in the papers, and afterward put in book form for general distribution at cost. Each disputant is to choose ten assistants, who, at the end of each session, will cover any points omitted by the chief disputants. Anything bearing on the proposition of free coinage in this country alone at the ratio of 16 to 1 will be admitted.

The rule provides for two judges, and Mr. Gage has named Judge Blodgett in behalf of Mr. Horr, and has secured his consent to act.

CAMERON ASKS AID.

The Little West Virginia Town Cries for Assistance.

Wheeling, W. Va., June 11.—The little town of Cameron, W. Va., which was almost wiped out of existence by the fire Monday morning, the property loss being over $250,000, with insurance of only $40,000, appeals to the outside world to aid for the numerous destitute and homeless families in the following from the mayor sent out after a meeting last night:

"Having sustained a loss by fire of the greatest magnitude of any city of equal population in the country, making homeless twenty-eight families and leaving in ashes $300,000 worth of property, we appeal to the charitable people throughout the country for funds with which to provide for the sufferers of our town."

A NATIONAL WATERWAY.

Illinois Senate Passes the Lake Michigan to Gulf of Mexico Bill.

Springfield, Ill., June 8.—The state Senate has passed a bill for the survey of a waterway route to connect Lake Michigan and the Gulf of Mexico, introduced by Senator Bogardus. This bill, which has excited much discussion during the last week, has been rapidly advanced in spite of strenuous opposition. It appropriates $25,000 to employ an engineer to make a survey of the valleys of the Illinois and Mississipi rivers, pursuant to a report of the same to the general government as preliminary steps towards building the canal waterway and ship canal. There was no debate on the bill yesterday. It went to the house and was at once advanced to second reading.

BEN AND HIS PICTURES.

One of Them Will Adorn His Indianapolis Home.

New York, June 8.—The Morning Advertiser to-day says: It has become known that ex-President Harrison gave sittings for his portrait to two different artists during his stay in this city. Besides posing for Eastman Johnson, he also "sat" for Charles Ayer Whipple, whose studio is in the Sherwood building. The picture, when finished, is to grace the ex-President's Indianapolis home. The picture represents Mr. Harrison in the act of delivering his recent speech at Carnegie Music hall.

HARRISON AT HOME.

Ex-President Harrison Has Returned to Indianapolis.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 8.—Benjamin Harrison got home to-day. He was one of the first men to step off the Pennsylvania limited which arrived at the union station at 12:30 o'clock. Mr. Harrison carried no baggage, nothing but a cane and was alone. He was met by Secretary Tibbitt, with the family carriage and driven to his home, after exchanging greetings with numerous friends who were at the station. Mr. Harrison looked unusually well and said that he had enjoyed his trip and was feeling strong and hearty.

The Manitoba School Question.

Winnipeg, Man., June 10.—The Manitoba ministers and members of the legislature are already gathering for the meeting of that legislature on Thursday, when the school question will again come up for consideration. Archbishop Langevin has returned from the East. He says the Catholics are determined to press for their school rights, and that if the legislature refused them he would personally appeal the case to her majesty Queen Victoria.

Buildings Burned in Baltimore.

Baltimore, June 10.—Storik's planing mill and lumber yard, ten dwellings on East Monument street, and nine dwellings on North Front street, in the rear, and to the westward, were gutted, and nine adjacent dwellings were more or less damaged by a fire which broke out shortly before noon yesterday. The property loss is placed at $125,000. One hundred poor people were rendered homeless. The insurance aggregates $50,000.

Kalamazoo's $200,000 Conflagration

Kalamazoo, Mich., June 10.—Fire yesterday afternoon which is thought to have been started by tramps, destroyed Dewing & Sons' extensive planing mill, sash, door and blind works, and lumber yard, and seven brick and frame stores. Dewing's loss will reach $150,000; insurance $100,000. The total loss is about $200,000; insurance, $125,000.

Every Des Moines Saloon Closed.

Des Moines, Iowa, June 10.—Every saloon in the city was closed to-day by order of Judge Spurrier, of the district court, holding that the so-called consent statement lacked sufficient signatures to entitle the saloons to the bar feature of the Mulct law. An appeal will be taken immediately.

Peary Relief Expedition.

St. Johns, June 8.—The whale boat Kite has been chartered to carry an expedition of ten persons to Greenland to rescue Lieut. Peary, the Arctic explorer. Emile Diebitsch, Peary's brother-in-law, will have charge of the party. Mrs. Peary will not accompany the boat but will await the return of her husband at St. Johns. The Kite is to start about the middle of next month.

"Mrs. Mack" Held for Trial.

Buffalo, June 6.—Mrs. M. T. McMillan, alias Mrs. Mack, of Hamilton, Ont., accused of selling counterfeit United States stamps, was held yesterday for trial. In default of $5,000 bail she was committed to jail.

Date for Governor McKinley.

Columbus, June 6.—Governor McKinley, June 20, will speak at the Ottawa, Kan., soldiers' reunion and will therefore be out of Ohio during the meeting of the Republican National League at Cleveland.

FOREIGN.

THE TURKISH SITUATION.

Advices From Jeddah Show No Improvement There.

Constantinople, June 6.—The situation of affairs so far as the settlement of questions in dispute between the Turkish government and the representatives of the powers regarding reform in Armenia is concerned, show considerable improvement to-day. This improvement is undoubtedly due to the firm attitude of the powers in positively refusing to accept any more discussion of the programme which has been mapped out for the improvement of the condition of Armenia.

The Turkish minister of foreign affairs, Said Pasha, has paid frequent visits to the British embassy since the reply of the porte to the note of the powers was delivered, and it is hoped that it will result in persuading the sultan to accept the inevitable as gracefully as possible.

The incident of the assault made upon the French officer by a Turkish officer may be regarded as closed, for the Turkish government has assured the French embassy that it will accord full satisfaction and that an indemnity will be paid to the French officer. In addition, his assailant will be tried before a military tribunal and punished, if found guilty.

Advices received here from Jeddah to-day show that there is no improvement in that portion of the question between the Turkish government and the powers. The note received here to-day confirm the statements, made exclusively in the dispatches yesterday, that the sanitary regulations insisted upon by the powers in order to prevent the introduction of cholera into Europe by pilgrims returning from Mecca, were at the bottom of the recent murderous assaults upon the consular representatives of Great Britain, France and Russia.

The riotous Bedouins have destroyed the cholera hospital erected at Jeddah for the care of sick pilgrims traveling to and from Mecca. The Turkish garrison at Jeddah has been

WASHINGOTN.

ATTORNEY GENERAL HARMON.

President Cleveland Again Surprises the Country.

Washington, June 8.—The announcement late yesterday afternoon of the transfer of Attorney General Olney to the head of the state department created no surprise here, as it has been well understood for several days that it would be done.

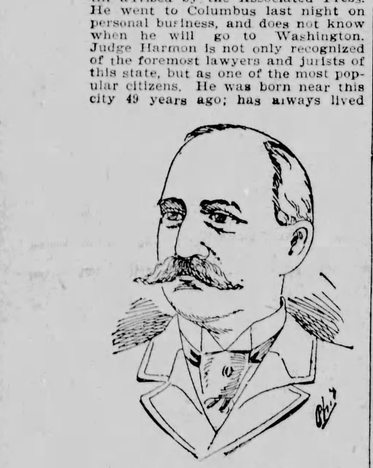
RICHARD OLNEY.
(The New Secretary of State.)

The appointment of Judge Judson Harmon, of Cincinnati, as attorney general came in the nature of a surprise. His name had not even been canvassed as among the probabilities. There is the best authority for the statement that the President had several men under consideration, and the portfolio of justice might have been had by Mr. James C. Carter, of New York, who was counsel for the government in the Bering sea tribunal and the income tax cases, and by Mr. Frederic R. Coudert, of New York, had they been disposed to accept it. Secretary Carlisle knew Judge Harmon personally, and both admired and respected his ability. It was he, probably, who first presented his name to Mr. Cleveland. Ex-Governor Campbell, of Ohio, a close friend of Judge Harmon, also warmly supported him, and the President secured also from ex-Governor Hoadley, of Ohio, who is now living in New York, and whose law partner Harmon was, most favorable reports as to his ability and standing. After canvassing the situation thoroughly, the President offered the portfolio of justice to Judge Harmon by wire yesterday afternoon, and immediately upon receiving a favorable reply, announced the appointments.

AT JUDGE HARMON'S HOME.

Something of the Man Suddenly Made Famous.

Cincinnati, June 8.—When the appointment of Judge Judson Harmon became known here attorneys from the courts and their offices rushed to the office of Harmon, Colson, Goldsmith & Hoadly to congratulate the new attorney general, and ask for a date for a farewell dinner from the bar. Judge Harmon said he received a letter from President Cleveland yesterday, and replied to it by wire, but he had no knowledge of his appointment till advised by the Associated Press. He went to Columbus last night on personal business, and does not know when he will go to Washington. Judge Harmon is not only recognized of the foremost lawyers and jurists of this state, but as one of the most popular citizens. He was born near this city 49 years ago; has always lived



JUDSON HARMON.

Appointed Attorney General Yesterday.

here, and is known by all. His father, Rev. B. F. Harmon, was a Baptist minister well known throughout the Ohio valley. Judge Harmon was graduated at Dennison university, a Baptist institution, and Granville, O., in 1860, and began the practice of law in Cincinnati in 1869. He was a Republican till 1872, when he Greeley-ized. He was elected superior judge in 1878, re-elected in 1883, and when ex-Governor Hoadly went o New York in 1887 Judge Harmon resigned from the bench to become the head of the firm of Harmon, Colson, Goldsmith & Hoadly, which represents several railroads and other large corporations, and with which firm he will continue his connection. When Judge Harmon resigned in 1887, Governor Foraker appointed Judge William Taft, now United States circuit judge, and formerly solicitor general, to the vacancy. Mrs. Harmon is an accomplished lady, the daughter of the late Dr. Scobey, of Hamilton. They have three daughters, Mrs. Edman Wright, jr., of Philadelphia; Miss Elizabeth, a recognized society leader, and Marjoria, the youngest of the family, who is 14 years old.

JUDGE HARMON TALKS.

His Appointment Was a Surprise to Himself.

Columbus, O., June 8.—Judge Harmon, the new Attorney General, arrived in the city last night with ex-Gov. Foraker and Judge Warrington, of Cincinnati, for the purpose of securing, if possible, from the auditor of state a modification of the Rawlings law taxing beer $3.50 a barrel, in order to permit Cincinnati brewers to compete outside the state.

Judge Harmon said the first intimation of his appointment was received from The Associated Press.

"If any one had told me yesterday," he said, "that I was to be appointed to a Cabinet position, I would have thought he was talking through his hat. The last time I saw President Cleveland was in Columbus at the time of the Thurman banquet, six years ago. Yesterday I received a letter from him asking me if I would accept the position of Attorney General. As I did not wish to reply without consulting my law partner, Judge Colson, who is in New York, I immediately telegraphed him and securing his consent, at 2 o'clock telegraphed President Cleveland that I would accept. I have not received any official notification of my appointment."

A CHICKAMAUGA HERO.

War Department Grants a Medal to Clinton A. Cilly.

Washington, June 7.—The war department has granted a medal of honor to Captain Clinton A. Cilly, of the Second Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, now a resident of Hickory, N. C.

On September 20, 1863, on the field of Chickamauga, Captain Cilly saw a regiment not his own leaving the line of battle. He dashed after it, seized the colors and rode back into the battle, followed by the regiment, which from that time did effective service.

Importations of Sugar in May.

Washington, June 7.—Mr. Worthington C. Ford, chief of the bureau of statistics, gives out the imports of sugar for the month of May, 1895, the total quantity imported at the five ports of New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and San Francisco were 630,697,599 pounds, valued at $10,289,434.

The returns of May, 1895, are heavier in quantity than the imports in May of any previous year, and should therefore be accounted as breaking the record.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

NO FILIBUSTERING.

Secretary of State Olney Takes Action Immediately.

Washington, D. C., June 11.—As related in yesterday's dispatches, Mr. Olney took the oath of office and became Secretary of State. As soon as this duty had been performed the new premier began to pick up the reins in his new office, and by 2 o'clock he was as busy with his mail as though he had been in the State department for months instead of minutes.

One of the first acts to mark Secretary Olney's possession of the portfolio of the State department will be recognition of the new government of Ecuador, which has come into power after a bloody revolution.

It was past 5 o'clock in the afternoon when the new premier quit his first day's work at the department of State, and hurried homeward for recreation at the tennis court, his opponent at the racquet being Assistant Secretary Uhl.

The announcement that the United States steamer Raleigh would be ordered to the Florida coast for the purpose of co-operating with revenue cutters to prevent filibustering expeditions destined for Cuba from our shores was officially confirmed yesterday by the promulgation of orders directing the cruiser mentioned to proceed to Key West at the earliest practicable moment. The Raleigh is now at New York, having arrived there Sunday from several months' cruise in Southern waters. It will probably require several days to do some necessary overhauling and refitting in order to put the ship in condition for another cruise in the South. There may also be some changes in the crew and among the officers before leaving New York.

The decision to send Raleigh on this mission is one of the first acts of Mr. Olney in his new position of secretary of state. Secretary Herbert has deemed such a course advisable for some days past and conferred with the President on the subject Saturday. He and Secretary Olney had a further conference yesterday, and as a result the formal orders to the Raleigh were issued. Written instructions carefully setting forth the line of policy which the administration desires to pursue in regard to the interference with filibusters will be sent to Captain Miller, commanding the Raleigh, and it is probable he will be called to Washington for a conference with Acting Secretary McAdoo before his vessel leaves New York. These instructions to Captain Miller are not yet available, but it is known he will be directed to use the utmost care in preventing any vessel from leaving our coast destined for Cuba with the object of rendering aid to the revolutionists.

The mere shipment of arms, however, is not regarded by the authorities as a violation of the neutrality laws, and before any vessel is overhauled by the Raleigh the officers must be thoroughly convinced the suspected craft is fitted out as a fighting machine to operate against Spain. It is the desire of the authorities that properdiligence shall be displayed, not only by the Raleigh, but by revenue cutters, to prevent illegal expeditions from leaving our shores, and treasury officials are seriously considering the advisability of further augmenting the force of revenue cutters in Southern waters.

It is hardly expected by the administration officials our vessels will find any open violations of the neutrality laws which will justify interference on their part. No doubt is expressed the Cuban revolutionists are receiving active support from residents of the United States along the Florida coast, but their operations have been carried on in such a way as to keep those engaged in them outside of the pale of the law, or the work has been done so secretly as to escape detection.

The sudden activity in the direction of preventing filibustering is intended more for the purpose of demonstrating to Spain a desire on the part of this government to obtain a careful observance of its neutrality laws rather than with any expectancy of making captures. By its action the administration hopes to convince Spain the United States is thoroughly in earnest in its desire to carry out the principles laid down by the Alabama Claims Commission.

JUSTICE FULLER'S DECISION

As to the Date When the Tariff Law Went Into Effect.

Washington, June 8.—Chief Justice Fuller's opinion in the Burr and Hardwick case, involving the date when the present tariff law went into effect, which was announced on Monday last, but not read, was made public to-day.

Summing up, the chief justice says: "As the act of 1890 was not repealed by the act of 1894 until the latter act became a law, when inconsistent laws were declared thereby repealed, we think it cannot be doubted that Congress intended the rates of duty prescribed by the act of 1894 to be levied on the first day of August, if the bill should then be a law, and if not, then as soon after that date as it should become a law. On the first day of August the duties prescribed by the first section of the act of 1894 could not be lawfully levied, and so far as the importations in this case are concerned, and others similarly situated, the law required exaction of the duties prescribed by the act of 1890. As to such importations, the first section of the act of 1894 could not be literally carried out, unless by holding it to operate as a retroactive repeal, notwithstanding the saving clause, and this we consider altogether indispensable.

"The language of section 1 was that on and after August 1 there be levied, and of the second section, that on and after August 1 certain enumerated articles shall be exempt from duty. In our judgment the word 'shall' spoke for the future ,and was not intended to apply to transactions completed when the act became a law."

ABUSE OF ORCHARDS.

Agricultural Department Will Issue a Valuable Paper.

Washington, June 11.—Common abuse of orchard tracts is pointed out in a statement to be issued by the agricultural department. This abuse is the custom which prevails generally of counting the orchard as a field of the farm, and calling upon it for its crop of corn, oats, wheat, grass and cattle in rotation with the other fields. According to the official warning nothing could be devised as more likely to permanently injure a growing or fruitening orchard than such a policy. When the trees have reached a fruitening age no other crop should be grown in the orchard, though while it is young and non-productive of fruit it may be wise to grow other crops than trees, though there must be a double fertilizing, one for the development of the trees, and the other for the incidental crop. The cultivation and fertilization should be as regular and constant as if a crop were annually removed. This plan, it is pointed out, would revolutionize orchard culture in many sections, and make many seemingly useless orchards profitable.

The Tea Crop in China.

Washington, June 7.—Consul Childe, at Honkow, China, under date of April 24, reports to the State Department upon the conditions in his district.

He says the indications are that the tea crop will exceed that of last year by 100,000 half chests and be a better quality. "The advance in the value of silver will add somewhat to the excitement that generally prevails here during the tea season, as the native merchants are ever ready to avail themselves of the advance in exchange. Most of the tea shipped from here goes to New York and San Francisco, and the shipments are steadily increasing."

BOYER AFTER TRAYNOR.

Charges That Traynor Considers Himself "The Whole Thing."

Washington, June 8.—Supreme President W. J. H. Traynor, of the A. P. A., is having some trouble with his constituents and a body of them, headed by Andrew Jackson Boyer, editor of the Washington United American, are making a big kick. There are a number of charges against the supreme president, but the chief charge is that Traynor is disposed to consider himself "the whole thing."

On the 1st of May, Boyer appealed to the friends of the American Protective association at large asking that Traynor be brought to book on several charges. His first complaint was that the supreme president was engaged in political jobbery in Michigan, Maryland and the District of Columbia, using the organization to boost into prominence his personal friends to the injury and detriment of the order.

He also charges that Traynor has used the influence of the journal over which he exercises control (the Patriotic American) to cripple the influence of other patriotic journals, notably the United American.

Another charge is that he foisted upon the state of Maryland as president a man who is a resident of the District of Columbia and a voter in Iowa. On top of these is the charge of obtaining his re-election by sharp practices in depriving the District of Columbia of all rights in the convention at Milwaukee, May 8; the manipulation of the council in the interest of his Canadian Orange friends; sending out false reports concerning the membership, number of delegates, etc.

Mr. Boyer quotes a minister who attended the turbulent convention as declaring it a "hell in miniature." He demands Traynor's resignation, saying that self-respecting patriots can not remain in the order if he remains at the head.

This is Boyer's final shot at Traynor: "We have just enough native patriotism permeating our being to leave the organization if we are required to wink at shortcomings and connive at wrong. We'll fight Rome 'till hell freezes over, and then fight it on the ice; but we'll NOT do so under the leadership of William John Henry Traynor."

IMPORTANT PENSION DECISION.

It Fixes the Limit of Enlistments and Rights to Pension.

Washington, June 7.—Another decision has been rendered by Assistant Secretary Reynolds bearing on the question of the date of termination of the civil war and the pensionable rights of soldiers enlisting in 1865 and 1866. The conclusion reached by Mr. Reynolds is that in all the cases the question to be ascertained is whether the enlistment of the soldiers was for service in the war of the rebellion or for the regular army. If the former he is pensionable, and if the latter he is not. Mr. Reynolds cites the various orders suspending enlistments for the war and the order for the commencement of enlistments for the regular army.

He says: "As for the volunteer enlistments in the regular army after the cessation of armed hostilities it cannot be truthfully said that their enlistment was for the war of the rebellion."

The secretary therefore holds that enlistments in the loyal states after April 13, 1865, when recruiting in them ceased, will not be deemed enlistments in or for the war of the rebellion. In the other states, territories and the District of Columbia, June 1, 1865, will be taken as the final date, as enlistments then ceased in these parts of the country, and July 1, 1865, when the blockade of the Southern ports was raised will be taken as the final date of war enlistments for the navy.

TRADE WITH GERMANY.

Second Government Bulletin for Benefit of Exporters.

Washington, June 11.—The section of foreign markets under direction of the secretary of agriculture will issue today its second bulletin of the series relating to the extension of trade in American agricultural and other products in the world's markets. Germany is the country treated of in this bulletin. There is fully set forth such statistical information relating to area, population, wealth, debt, agriculture and commerce as to render intelligibly the tabulated statements showing the sources from which Germany obtains her principal articles of consumption. The bulletin further conntains the German tariff schedule, so far as it is of interest to American producers and shippers. It also contains a compiled statement about the commercial unions of Germany, showing that they have been an active factor in the stimulation of Germany's foreign trade which in 1850 was $252,280,000, and had increased in 1894 to $1,876,154,000. One remarkable fact is that the United States and Russia supplied the whole amount of caviare imported into Germany for the last three years. Consular reports from German commercial centers are appended to show the feasibility of extending the market for American products in their respective fields of observation.

THREE TORPEDO BOATS.

They Will be First Class in Every Particular.

Washington, June 8.—Circulars will be issued by the navy department in the course of a few days inviting bids for the construction of three torpedo boats, authorized by the last Congress. The plans for the boats have been completed. They provide for the construction of the fleetest craft that will be borne on the naval list. The minimum speed must be not less than 26 knots per hour, although it is expected from the amount of steam power to be supplied that this limit will be surpassed by perhaps two knots. The new boats will be of 180 tons burden, 170 feet long and 17 feet broad. This is ten feet longer and one foot broader than the boats last contracted for with the Columbian iron works, of Baltimore. They will have triple expansion engines and three boilers, giving 3,200 horse power. For their construction Congress has appropriated $175,000 each, but $75,000 must be retained in the case of each boat for its equipment with torpedo tubes and ordnance,as the limit of available appropriation is only $150,000 each.

WAITED ON THE PRESIDENT

And Thanked Him for What the United States Had Done.

Washington, June 8. — The Chinese Minister here, accompanied by his secretary of legation and interpreter, waited in person upon the President this afternoon and presented to him a letter from the Emperor of China, thanking him in graceful terms for the kindly offices exercised by the United States in behalf of the restoration of peace between China and Japan. The imperial communication was in the Chinese language, handsomely encased in yellow silk.

Reed and Foraker.

Washington, June 7.—Andrew Gleason, a prominent Republican of the District of Columbia, who has been a delegate at national conventions for twenty years, and always a Blaine man, said yesterday that his ticket was Reed for President and Foraker for Vice-President.

Refunding the Tax.

Washington, June 8.—Blanks are prepared at the Treasury department for persons who have claims against the government for refund of income tax. Few claims have as yet been filed, probably because the claimants have been waiting for official information on the subject. Every dollar of the income tax already collected will be returned to the persons from whom collections were made.

UNION FIGHT IN CHICAGO.

Union and Non-Union Painters Fight at Armour's Home.

Chicago, June 11.—Blood has stained the beautiful marble entrance to the $1,000,000 mansion now being erected by P. D. Armour, jr., at the southwest corner of Thirty-seventh street and Michigan avenue. A handful of non-union painters who have been at work on the interior of the building were attacked this afternoon by a party of union men and a desperate conflict raged for fully five minutes. Finally when peace was restored four non-union men were led away to a neighboring drug store to have their broken heads patched up. One of them, Adam Beyer, was so weak from loss of blood that he could hardly walk. The injured:

Adam Beyer, cut on top of head and right eye half gouged out.

Wm. Bliss, struck on left temple with an iron tool, making a severe gash.

Two other men were thrown down a flight of stairs and both received severe cuts and bruises.

The police were not called to the scene of the fracas, and no arrests were made.

The trouble arose because ten painters not indorsed by the Building Trades Council were working on the building. For some time the matter has been debated between the trades council and Wm. Jallies, foreman for the New York firm of Herger Bros., who have the contract for the painting on Mr. Armour's new home, and who employed the objectionable workmen. Saturday Alex L. McDonald, president of the Painters District Council went to Mr. Jallies and told him that if the non-union painters were not off the job to-day a strike would be declared on the work of all the other trades employed on the residence. The non-union painters were not discharged, and when the strike came fighting quickly ensued.

GOLD IN OKLAHOMA.

Big Rush to the New Field—Hundreds on the Ground.

Guthrie, O. T., June 11.—For several days rumors have been current that gold has been discovered in paying quantities on Boggy Creek, fourteen miles southwest of Arapahoe county. Several parties were immediately equipped and on the road to the fields. Lee Wells and Alex Hanshaw returned yesterday and reported very rich fields and that hundreds of men were on the ground staking off claims. They claim that a lode running from Cobb Creek in the Caddo country in the head of Boggy Creek, a distance of forty miles, and ranging from three to eleven miles wide, has been discovered. Specimens of the ore which have been tested by an expert and assayist show them to be rich in precious metal. Several mining companies are now in process of organization, and a mining town has been laid out and platted under the town site laws. Reports say that people are coming in and staking out mining claims at the rate of a hundred a day. Late last evening three other prospectors returned and brought back several sacks of the ore. They report fabulous finds and that the people are confident they have struck one of the richest gold fields ever found.

OPINION OF HON. THOMAS I. JAMES.

Believes Robert Lincoln the Most Likely Man, and Tells Why.

New York, June 10.—Hon. Thomas L. James, ex-postmaster general, mayor of Tenafly, N. J., and president of the Lincoln National bank, discussing the political situation said:

"I look upon Robert Lincoln as the likeliest dark horse in the race for the Republican nomination. He is especially strong in the South, but that statement does not by any means sum up all his possibilities before a convention. Illinois Republicans would unite upon him, Georgia, Arizona, Kenutcky and Tennessee will be with him, but in all the Southern states there are warm and influential friends of the Illinois man—in the Carolinas, in Virginia, in Arkansas and Missouri. I believe that he will get half of the entire Southern delegation, and when the break comes on the favorites, Lincoln and Allison, will get the benefit of it. The Iowa Senator is a well-balanced man. Who, next to Lincoln, possesses elements of strength where the other candidates are weak. It is my opinion that Mr. Harrison cannot by any means be nominated."

DEBS AGAIN IN JAIL.

He and His Associates Locked Up Chicago, June 11.—Eugene V. Debs

reported to the United States marshal at noon to-day and signified his readiness to begin his term of imprisonment with the other officials of the American Railway Union. He and the others were given their liberty until this afternoon, when all but George Howard were taken to Woodstock, Ills., where they are to be confined. Howard had asked to be taken to the jail at Joliet, and his request was granted. The prisoners are:

Eugene V. Debs, George W. Howard, Sylvester Keliher, L. W. Rogers, Jas. Hogan, William E. Burns, Roy M. Goodwin, Martin J. Elliott.

Debs is under two sentences of six months each and the other two sentences of three months each for contempt of court, but it is doubtful if they will serve more than one sentence, as an effort will be made to have reinstated the former order making the sentences concurrent.

THIS WAS A SEVERE STORM.

Houses Destroyed and Valuable Stock Killed.

St. Cloud, Minn., June 11.—Reports have been received at Painesville of the heaviest storm in that vicinity for ten years. Lightning struck the Episcopal church early Sunday morning. The tower was badly shattered and the church damaged in three places to the extent of $300. Gus Chircholm's livery barn was struck, and a trotting stallion valued at $500 was killed. The hostler, sleeping in the stable within ten feet of the horse, was uninjured. J. W. Severs, a farmer living a mile and a half from Painesville, lost seven hogs and three calves. The Richmond depot and a big windmill at the same place were damaged. Rain fell in torrents from 12 at midnight Saturday till nearly noon Sunday. The fields looked like lakes. There was no damage to crops. Numerous other small damages by lightning are reported.

REBELLIOUS YAQUI INDIANS.

Mexico Has the Worst of Indian Rebellions on Hand.

Denver, June 11.—A special to the Republican from Phoenix, Ariz., says: Advices from Hermosillo, Sonora, state that Saurday afternoon Lieutenant Colonel Flores Hermora, with fifty regulars of the Mexican army, came upon a large band of rebel Yaqui Indians in Chihquite, Upper Sonora ,and routed them with heavy loss. Darkness terminated the fighting. On the Mexican side a colonel and five soldiers were wounded and one corporal killed. A large amount of booty was recovered from the Indians. The Yaqui rebellion is the most serious ever known, and the Mexican forces are making little progress against it.

Women and Women only

Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP, and to discover new uses for it daily.

In the form of washes, solutions, etc., for distressing inflammations, irritations, and weaknesses of the mucous membrane, it has proved most grateful.

CUTICURA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere, as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet and bath.

Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. Newbery & Sons, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Radway's Ready Relief is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the Pain is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the Ready Relief is so admirably adapted for the Cure of Pain and without the risk of injury when is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day. Instantly

Radway's Pills

allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes. 50c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

CATTLEMEN FIGHT.

Edwards and His 100,000 Sheep Will be Turned Back.

Wolcott, Col., June 10.—News was received here Sunday of an encounter betwen 50 cattlemen and nine Mexican sheep herders, near Elk Head, about 125 miles north of here, on Saturday. The affray was bloodless, except that Jose Anueros received a slight wound in his left arm from a cowboy's rifle. The flock comprised about 2,000 sheep, and was being driven along carelessly. The sheep are now across the line in Wyoming, from which state they came. The Mexicans swore they would not attempt to enter Colorado again.

Nothing has been heard of the detachment of 300 cattlemen which left Hayden for California Park Thursday. It is there that Edwards and his armed followers are encamped, guarding a flock of sheep estimated at from 50,000 to 100,000 in number. Nothing definite is known as to his force, but all sorts of rumors are in circulation. The one which gives the cattlemen the greatest ill feeling is that there are 150 Pinkerton men with him.

"I don't believe in bloodshed," said an old ranchman to-night, "but if Edwards attempts to ruin our grazing ground by driving his sheep to Wolcott, he and his entire force should be annihilated."

If Edwards has the Pinkerton men, annihilation will probably be the result, as the cowboys who have gone to the front are determined and carry both Winchesters and big calibre revolvers. Whether a battle has been or will be fought depends altogether upon Edwards. If he determines to take his sheep to Wyoming again, and ship them from there ,all will be peaceful; if, however, he determines to bring them to Wolcott, a bloody battle will ensue. Edwards is a determined man, and is said to have remarked before leaving Wyoming that he would put his sheep on the cars at Wolcott or die in the attempt. He has had time enough to prepare for the conflict, and he knew from last year's experience just what resistance he would meet on the part of the cowmen. The country in which the trouble will occur is almost uninhabited. It is two days' trip by stage from here to Steamboat Springs, which is 50 miles from California Park.

IMPORTATION OF WORSTEDS.

Ruling May Interest Our Local Importers.

New York, June 11.—In the United States circuit court Judge Townsend handed down a decision yesterday in the case of A. Murphy and others against the United States. The decision reverses a decision of the board of appraisers. On August 30, 1894, the appellants imported a quantity of worsted dress goods. The importers claimed them to be liable to a duty of 50 per cent ad valorem. Instead, the goods were classified for duty at 12 cents per square yard and 50 per cent ad valorem. The latter assessment was sustained by the board of appraisers, on the ground that dress stuff was made from the fleece of a sheep, and was therefore the product of wool. Judge Townsend said:

"In view of the failure of Congress to make distinction between the various classes of the article in the schedule, other than by the use of a word in the title which by the settled definition of the courts and legislature excluded the articles in question, and in the absence of any positive evidence of intention to include said articles within the provisions of said paragraph, I think it would be a violation of the principles of the construction and interpretation to extend the language so as to include worsted dress goods."

STATE OF NEW MEXICO.

The Territory Will Knock at the Door Next Congress.

New York, June 10.—Gov. Thornton, of New Mexico, is in the city. In an interview he said: "The silver question will not down, but must be fought out in the next Presidential campaign. In New Mexico the demand for free silver is universal. Both parties are united on it."

Gov. Thornton said New Mexico would apply next winter for admission into the Union. "New Mexico has a population of 180,000," he said, "and is the third largest sheep raising state in the country. It has heretofore been customary for our ranchmen to send their cattle to Nebraska and Kansas to be fattened, but a system of drainage has been devised in the Pecos valley which will enable them to fatten their cattle at home so that cattle that are now sold for $8 a head will be sold for $45 a head. There are a number of gold mines that have been recently discovered and they will be worked."

COLORED MEN IN CONVENTION.

Kansas Negroes Form a Permanent Organization.

Kansas City, June 11.—In response to a call from J. Sijas Harrison, about 200 negro citizens from all over the state, assembled at Turner Hall yesterday, for the purpose of forming a permanent organization which will have for its object the welfare and advancement of the colored race.

The delegates are an intelligent-looking body of colored men. Many of them are ministers and school teachers, and represent the advanced thought and education of the colored race in Missouri. In the afternoon speeches were made, papers read and discussions on the following topics: Negro citizenship, crimes and punishments, how to improve the home, politics and political parties, farming and mechanical trades, education, churches and secret organizations. The name of the new organization has not yet been selected.

HERE'S A COINCIDENCE.

Big Shortage in the St. Louis United Elevators.

St. Louis, June 11.—One hundred and fifty-eight thousand bushels of wheat and 40,000 bushels of corn is the shortage discovered by the recent weighing up of the St. Louis United Elevators. This report was submitted to the directors at their meeting yesterday by President Samuels. The exact amount necessary to balance this shortage and to pay running expenses, interest, insurance and taxes is $275,000—just the amount borrowed by the directors ten days ago.

But What About the Fish?

Washington, June 11.—President Cleveland, accompanied by Secretary Morton and Mr. Miller, the commissioner of internal revenue, returned to Washington last night from their trip to Leesburg, Va., where they spent their brief absence from the city in fishing. The party left Leesburg at 10:30 o'clock in the evening and it was after midnight when they reached the city. The President appeared benefitted by his brief respite from official duties.

Vice-Presidential Candidate.

Boise, Ida., June 11.—The Statesman has reliable information that a movement is on foot to make W. A. Clark, the Montana copper millionaire, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President.

WADE HAMPTON ON SILVER.

He is for Sound Money and Believes His Party Will Be.

Portland, Ore., June 11.—Gen. Wade Hampton, United States railroad commissioner, arrived in Portland last night on a tour of inspection of Pacific railroads.

"How do you stand on the financial question?" he was asked during a conversation.

"I am in favor of sound money. The five propositions set forth by Secretary Carlisle are unanswerable. I hope that every newspaper in the country opposed to free silver will continue to publish these propositions. Nothing could be more convincing.

He says he does not believe the Democratic party will declare in favor of free silver. It would not surprise him, he says, if Cleveland will be nominated for a third term.

MILWAUKEE FIRE LOSSES.

Estimates at Noon of the Losses and Insurance.

Milwaukee, Wis., June 10.—The losses by last night's fire as near as can be estimated to-day were. Forster Lumber Company, lumber, loss $25,000, insurance $25,000; Forster sheds loss, $2,500; B. Uhrig & Son, estimated loss $23,000; insurance $25,000; Bredeser Elevator Manufacturing Company, estimated loss $4,000, insurance $5,000; steambarge Raleigh, loss $2,500; schooner Lucy Graham, loss $2,000, fully insured; Schlitz Brewing Company, loss $7,500, fully insured; Henry Gallum, tannery, loss $5,000, insurance $2,000; Skobie Bros., iron works, loss $200, fully insured; A. W Kuehn's barn, loss $20, fully insured. Total loss, $68,220.

McClaughry Was Selected.

Chicago, June 10.—A special to the Tribune from Washington says: Superintendent R. W. McClaughry, of the Pontiac reformatory, has been selected as the warden for the United States penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth when that institution comes under the jurisdiction of the department of justice, July 1, 1895. McClaughry was strongly indorsed by Democrats as well as Republicans as a capable, efficient official, and one fitted in every way to discharge the duties of the new position.

For Importing Foreign Clerks.

Indianapolis, June 8.—The United States bureau of immigration to-day served summons on Geo. A. Gay, a representative of one of the largest dry goods stores in the city, to defend a civil action in the government's demand for $1,000 for alleged violation of the immigration laws. The government charges that Gay has imported foreign clerks.

Money, Crops, Trade.

MERCANTILE AGENCY REPORTS FULL OF CONFIDENCE.

Demand for Consumption Increases With the People's Buying Power.

New York, June 8.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says the tide of business is rising, even as it was faling just two years ago, with surprising rapidity. The gain has gone —so far and so fast in some branches that the more conservative fear it may not be maintained. But the period of dullness which comes in each market after an unusual rise brings as yet nothing like a corresponding decline. Industries gain much, halt or fall back a little, and then gain once more. The demand for consumption steadily increases as the employment and wages of the people increase. Demand for money expands, one bank reporting 29 per cent larger discounts for the country, and another 23 per cent more commercial loans than a year ago, and all but two report some gain.

The serious question remains whether the crop will be full enough to sustain a large business. But the worst reports to-day are better by far than the estimates recently current. Wheat rose 2 cents, fell back 2, with realizing, and has again risen 3, with a Western estimate of a crop 80,000,000 bushels smaller than last year. It is pertinent to remember that official and most unofficial reports, down to a late period last fall, put the yield about 80,000,000 bushels lower than it is now known to have been.

Western receipts were 264,000 more than last year, and in five weeks have been 7,671,021 bushels against 6,981,650 last year, while Atlantic exports, flour included, 670,000 bushels smaller for the week, have been in five weeks 7,738,728 bushels, against 11,945,478 last year. There is neither holding back by farmers nor anxious haste in purchasing by foreigners to support belief in scarcity.

Cotton declined an eighth with better weather at the South, but excitement and prices rose again with the report of only 11.5 per cent decrease in acreage. Much greater decrease had been called certain, but the condition is reported less favorable than last year. With a tenth smaller yield per acre, and 11.6 per cent less than the yield would still exceed 7,700,000 bales, with heavy stocks carried over. But a late crop is the more exposed to injury. June began with 6,503,293 bales already in sight, and 3,303,350 American remaining in commercial stocks, while European spinners held May 1 over a million bales, according to Ellison.

Iron pushes upward like the great buildings into which so much of it goes, and the advance in finished products has become general. Of structural steel 12,600 tons were turned out in May by the Homestead works, breaking the record, and prices rose to 1.6 cents for beams and 1.2 for angles. The Eastern Bar association has raised the price of refined iron to 1.1 cents, and the Amalgamated Association demands of Pittsburg and Western makers a change of wages with 1.1 cents as a basis.

Failures for the week have been 195 for the United States, against 216 last year, and 25 in Canada, against 40 last year.

What Bradstreet Says.

New York, June 8.—Bradstreet's review of the stock market says: Irregular, but sufficiently distinct, the signs of reaction have ruled in this week's speculation. The market seems to have over-discounted the current improvement in the general situation, and has been influenced to an increased extent by the damage to winter wheat. London has been visibly affected by the crop news, and by the fear that the stability of our treasury gold reserve will become a factor as the date for the expiration of the contract between the Belmont-Morgan syndicate and the government approaches.

This last influence is apparently disregarded, but the rise of foreign exchange to the gold shipping point ($4.89 1-4 or upward for demand sterling) has more or less effect on sentiment.

Railroad earnings for May, comparing as they do with a lean period last year, generally show increases, but their influence is offset by the unfavorable annual reports of both the Rock Island and Chicago & Northwestern roads, and by the reduction of the dividend on the latter's common stock to 1 1-2 per cent for the half year, or at the rate of 4 per cent for the year.

Western railroad managers are generally cheerful in regard to the outlook, but this had no effect upon speculators who bought during the rise, and in a majority of stocks there has been a disposition to realize and close long accounts, which in the few instances resulted in marked declines. The bear traders were active, though the extreme dullness puts a limitation upon their success, and the short interest is not apparently excessive at the moment.

NATION'S WHEAT ACREAGE.

Average Acreage and Condition Given From Each Locality.

Washington, June 11.—The report of June 1st consolidated from the returns of the correspondents of the agricultural department makes the acreages of winter wheat at present growing, after allowing for abandonments 96.1 per cent of the area harvested in 1894, the percentage of winter wheat acreage upon the basis indicates that the principal states are as follows: Ohio, 95; Michigan, 90; Indiana, 93; Illinois, 95; Kansas, 87, and California 115. The percentage of spring wheat area for the entire country is 99.5 per cent, being but a slight reduction from last year's area. The percentages of spring wheat acreage of the principal states are: Wisconsin, 107; Minnesota, 100; Nebraska, 101; North Dakota, 100; South Dakota, 100;. The condition of winter wheat has fallen decidedly since last reports, being 71.1 per cent, against 92.9 on May 1. The condition reported June 1, 1894, was 83.2 per cent. The percentages of the principal states are as follows: Ohio, 70; Michigan, 77; Indiana, 56; Illinois, 51; Missouri, 70; Kansas, 37; Nebraska, 37; California, 102.

The condition of spring wheat shows an average for the whole country of 97.8, and for the whole principal spring wheat states as follows: Minnesota, 109; Wisconsin, 97; Iowa, 101; Nebraska, 60; South Dakota, 98; North Dakota, 99; Washington, 96; Oregon, 99. The average percentage of all wheat is 97.1, and the condition of same is 78.6 per cent. The preliminary report places the acreage of oats at 103.2 of last year's area. The returns make the condition 84.3, against 87 last June. The returns as to barley make the average condition of the crop June 1 as 90.8 per cent against 82.2 last year.

The acreage of rye is 97.7 of that of last year. The average condition June 1, 85.7 per cent. The acreage of rice is 100.2 per cent of last year, the condition 89.2.

MANITOBA CROP REPORT.

Prospect Brighter Than They Were a Year Ago.

Winnipeg, Man., June 8.—The first official crop bulletin of the Manitoba government was issued to-day. The estimated increase in acreage for the year is 290,380, of which 130,000 acres are in wheat. The total wheat area is placed at 1,140,276 acres; oats, 482,658; barley, 153,859. Correspondents of the department are unanimous in their reports that the crop prospects were never brighter at this season of the year than they were on June 1st, on which date the reports were forwarded. There was a cold dip last night, which may change the situation, however.

Kansas Corn Crop Saved.

Kansas City, Mo., June 10.—Dispatches from Olathe, Emporia, Fort Scott, Wichita and Caldwell, Kan., and Hennessy and Perry, Okla., report a heavy 24-hour rain, which will be the saving of the corn crop. Small grain was beyond help, but farmers are now hopeful of raising a good crop of corn which is the only salvation for Southern Kansas and Oklahoma. The rain area includes all the Cherokee strip and Northern Texas and the Western Kansas beyond Sterling.

First Car of 1895 Wheat.

St. Louis, June 8.—The first car of 1895 crop wheat arrived to-day from Coffeyville, Kan., grading No. 2 red. This is unusually early for new wheat, and indicates that the crop is forward if short. The car was auctioned off for the call at the premium price of 35 cents.

Illinois Hay Crop Ruined.

Bloomington, Ill., June 10.—Another spell of fearful hot weather began Saturday. The mercury ran to 104 in the shade. The hay crop is beyond redemption. There is but little hope for oats, though if it rains inside three days it may save one-third of the crop.

Iowa Crops Saved.

Marshalltown, Ia., June 10.—A steady rain last night and more in prospect practically assures full crops of all kinds in this section of the state.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE BLADE,
Toledo, O., June 11, 1895.

The following table shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	June 11	June 4
U. S. new 4's, coupons	123¾	123¾
U. S. new 4's, registered	123¾	123¾
U. S. 5's, coupons	116	116
U. S. 5's, registered	116	116
U. S. 4's, registered	111¾	113
U. S. 2's, registered	97	97
Pacific 6's of '95	100